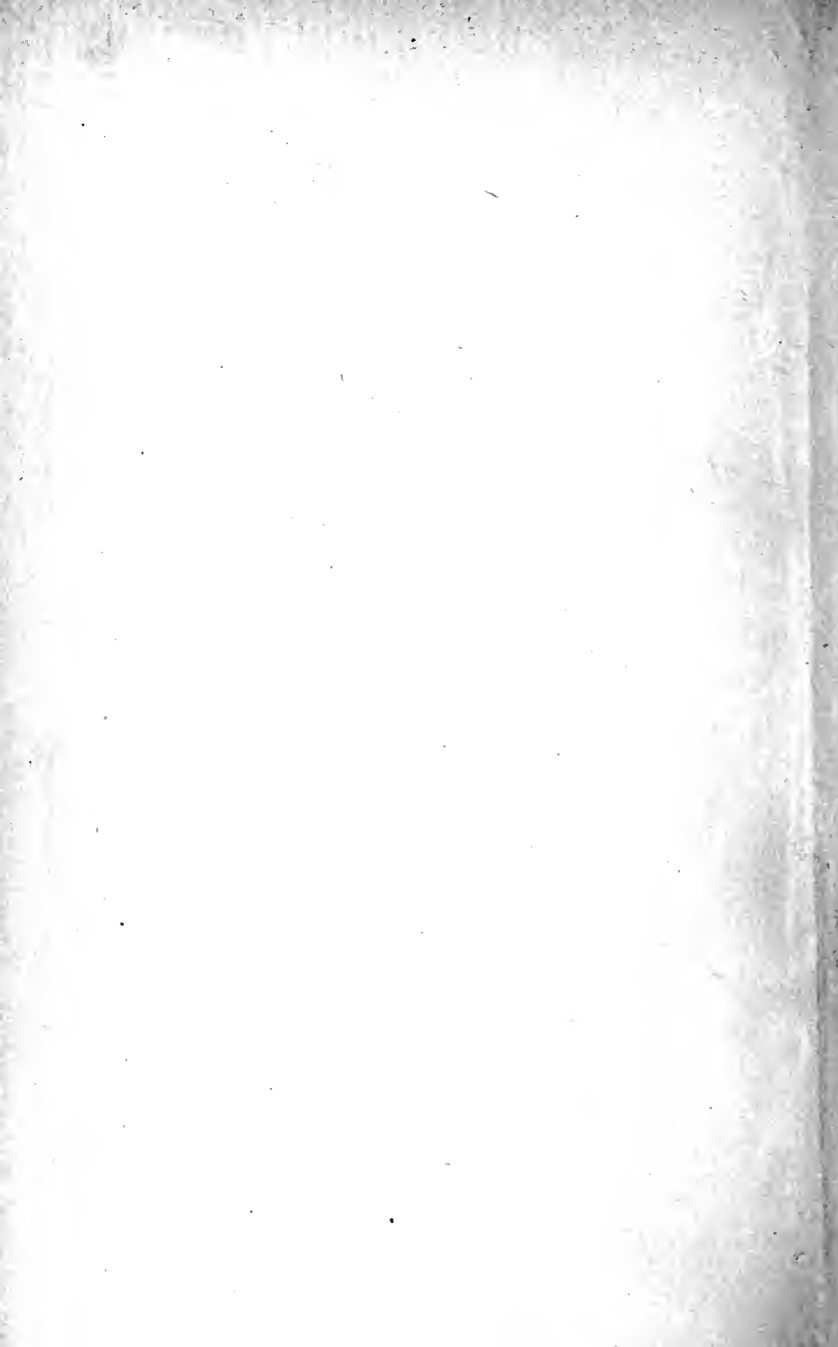


# AMERICANS IN EUROPE

BY  
ONE OF THEM.









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# AMERICANS IN EUROPE

BY  
ONE OF THEM

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NEW YORK  
TAIT, SONS & COMPANY  
UNION SQUARE

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## PREFACE.

THE exceptional opportunities I have had for observing and studying the life and character of "Americans in Europe" have forced upon me a feeling of fiduciary responsibility. That is to say, seeing what I have seen, and knowing what I know, I feel that I have no right to be silent, and am consequently impelled, by a keen sense of duty, to speak out with no uncertain voice and in no ambiguous words. But it is useless for me to speak unless I can make myself heard, and when facts have a most resonant voice of their own, it seems to me a pity to weaken that voice and the lesson it would teach by any dulness or feebleness of utterance.

I believe that this book will be of value—not only to "Americans in Europe," but to my compatriots at home and to society in general, and I wish very much that it may be as widely read as possible, to insure which I have first of all

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endeavored to make it as readable as possible. Dulness is quite enough nowadays to damn anybody or anything. It is the most hopeless, most fatal, verdict that can be passed upon any book. The public plainly tells the author that it will forgive his ignorance, his inaccuracy, his want of high purpose—or any purpose for that matter—if he be only readable, that is, if he be not dull. In meeting this public demand facts are often regarded as being more of a hindrance than of a help; and serious thought, if there be any such, must needs be served in very small quantities or very carefully disguised.

Whatever is now offered to the intellectual palate must be highly spiced and tasty. We no longer relish the natural juices and simple flavors of plain natural and moral food, and we call in the French literary cook with his pungent sauces to tempt our jaded and indifferent appetites.

We read a little of everything and not much of anything, and what we do read must be served to us in large type and in small quantities. We take our general literature in paragraphs and epigrams, our history in the faintest outlines; and if we were to act upon Shakespeare's advice and study only what we most

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affect, I fear that Shakespeare himself would be left unread.

It is quite useless to cry out against this state of things—we must accept the fact and write accordingly, if we can. After all, I do not see why goodness and dulness should go together, and as a simple matter of fact they do not go together. If there is one thing that this present generation will not stand, it is the masquerading of ignorance, of stupidity, and hypocrisy, under the guise of dignity, earnestness, and piety.

The remarkable thing is that dulness has succeeded so long in forcing the world to take it at its own enormous intellectual and moral estimate.

At the head and front of almost every profession has stood some blatant pedagogue who has persuaded mankind to take his dulness for depth. This pedant is still heard from the pulpit, from the superior law courts, and from the learned (?) reviews. The libraries of the world are full of his unreadable volumes. There is but one place, so far as I know, where he does not and cannot flourish, namely in journalism. It is quite impossible for him to secure, or at all events to hold, a position on

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a daily paper. He, therefore, denounces the daily press from the pulpit, the bar, or the columns of some "weekly" or "monthly."

The truth is, as I know from experience, it is much easier to get an article inserted in a "weekly" or "monthly" journal than in a "daily," for the best writing to-day is to be found in the leading columns of the Daily Press. I would much rather trust to the fairness of the daily paper than to that of the religious weekly, or to the utterances of the "prominent individuals" who are invited to air their opinions in the "monthly."

I cannot follow the Daily Press in all its methods of procuring and distributing news, nor can I agree that everything which happens in this complex world of ours is a proper subject for publication and comment; but upon the whole I go with it fully in the publicity it gives to the equivocal sayings and doings of public men, and to the strong search-light which it throws upon the crooked paths of people, male or female, who in any way occupy the position of leaders. The daily paper is as near a truthful picture of the actual world as can be made, and I quite believe that this daily picture of the world's sayings and doings is



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one of the greatest blessings of our modern times.

I have taken my cue then from the daily papers. I have tried not to be dull; but above all I have tried to present a true picture of the life and character of "Americans in Europe."

It has been necessary for me to speak of individual persons, but I have not written in a spirit of idle or vicious gossip. I have set down naught in malice, and if I have sometimes used ridicule and some measure of sarcasm, in dealing with certain persons and things, it is because ridicule and sarcasm are the only instruments I can command to accomplish the purpose I have in view. That I really have some purpose much higher than mere amusement in view, I will leave the discriminating reader to judge.

THE AUTHOR.



## INTRODUCTION.

To the world at large Americans are an interesting people; the most interesting indeed of all the peoples of the earth; and this it is probably safe to say they will continue to be for centuries to come. America represents a new life and a new world; an entirely new order and method of things political, industrial, and social.

The success of the American nation is unparalleled in the history of nations, and the influence of the American life and character is to-day the dominant influence of the world. This influence is confined to no special domain, but is everywhere present, and everywhere potent, transforming and revolutionizing all the social, political, industrial, and commercial institutions of the globe.

Not only this, but in matters purely intellectual, the mind and thought of the world are fast becoming Americanized.

The American daily paper, with its head-line

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system, is now the model paper of the journalistic world. Even *The Times* and *Saturday Review*—conservative organs, which stood out so long and seemed so resolute—have at last surrendered, and raised the once offending head-lines upon the very forefront of their conservative pages.

The American illustrated magazine is another instance in the same direction; for are not the nations of Europe copying this “Yankee notion?” The Public, or Free School, system of America is now being almost universally adopted by the Old World; and it will not, it cannot, be many years before “Greek” is made an “extra” or “option” in Oxford and Cambridge, as it now is at Harvard.

The truth of the matter is, the political, social, industrial, and educational games of the Old World are effete things, and a new shuffle and a new cut of the cards have been made. The United States of America have dealt a new hand all round the international board, and each nation is obliged to accept the trump and follow her lead, or drop out of the game altogether.

What is true of America as a nation, is also true of Americans as individuals. They are the

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most interesting people of this century. They may not be so well—that is so artificially—bred, nor so highly—that is technically—cultivated as the people of Europe; but they are more interesting, for novelty is always interesting, and Americans are original if nothing more.

One never can tell what an American (I mean a genuine American) may say or do under any given conditions or circumstances. He is frank and impulsive, good-natured and fearless; and these qualities cover a multitude of deficiencies, and all manner of social sins. He is not the glass of fashion, nor the mould of social form, and yet, he—and especially she—is perhaps the most welcome of all the guests received in the *salons* and drawing-rooms of Europe.

The American can go from one round of the social ladder to the other, and he is the only person who can. He dines one day with a “tradesman” and the next with a duke, and nothing is thought of it. Everything is explained by the fact of his being an American. An Englishman, a German, a Frenchman, or any other European, must give credentials of birth and position, and can be received only by the class to which he properly belongs.

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Not so the American ; he can go anywhere and everywhere, without a question being asked as to his family or his social rank. For, the truth is, he is supposed to have neither—at least, in the European sense. These things, which are so necessary to a European, and so all-powerful in determining his position and his career, are never thought of in connection with an American. The really knowing Americans see and understand this peculiar fact, and are silent or evasive on the subject.

No wise American ever prides himself upon his family, in Europe. Not that he may not belong to a family with a history, and a good one, too—better perhaps than the best in Europe—but he knows, if he is not a fool, that such claims are worthless in the Old World. They are more than that, they are worse than worthless, for measured by European standards they would be not only of no value whatever, but the person presenting them would lose the peculiar and enormous advantages of his nationality.

The abolition, or rather the non-existence, of social titles, is not only a very wise, but a very shrewd, feature of the American Commonwealth. A titled American could have no status in Eu-

## INTRODUCTION.

ropean society, would in truth be nobody at all, among the nobility of the Old World, while a plain American citizen may be the peer of anybody. Again, an American citizen has a representative character, which cannot attach to any European of whatever rank or station.

A European can represent only his rank or his class—never his nation. This is as true of the republics of Europe as of the monarchical forms of government. The European Democracies are an “evolution,” or a “devolution” from some other form of government. The American Republic is a government *de novo*. There is absolutely nothing behind or beneath it, no class names or distinctions in the background to cast their lights or their shadows upon the social and political life and character of the nation.

There are professional titles in America, but no class distinctions, and there never were. This cannot be said of any other civilized nation now existing. The enormous advantage which this fact gave to the New World and her representatives at the very beginning is beyond all reckoning. Franklin was received in France, and I may say throughout Europe, as the personification of the American people *en bloc*, and

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was on that account easily the first and the most important personage at the French Court. Other ministers and ambassadors, titled or otherwise, represented some section or phase of their national life and character.

Franklin spoke and acted and thought for the whole people of America. No minister-plenipotentiary to any nation at any period in the world's history has ever held the commanding position which Franklin held in Europe, as the Representative of the United States of America, a nation just born. He was the most honored, and the most powerful, personage in Europe; so powerful, in fact, that the King of France, who recognized in him—that is in the principle he represented—his greatest foe, his natural enemy, was compelled to receive him in his own house and treat him as his best friend.

And who was Franklin? He was simply an American citizen; a self-taught man without family, rank, or fortune; a printer by trade. This was the individual whose name and fame, as the Representative of the American Republic, shone far above those of any other person upon the political horizon of his day and generation. So deep was the impression this great American made upon the French people, that



## INTRODUCTION.

to this day he is looked upon by a certain class of Frenchmen—and I may add the best class—as the typical American character. Would that he were! But American Ministers to European Courts nowadays try to play the games of the Old World, and are easily beaten. There are some exceptions, but there are not many.

We laugh at the un-Europeanized American who plumes himself upon his sovereign character as an American citizen; but, laugh as we may, it is a veritable fact, and if he is to be classed at all—a thing which never suggests itself to him at home—his place is properly among the royalties, and not among the nobilities, of the Old World—just where Franklin's was, and was acknowledged by all to be. Every American-born citizen is Heir-Apparent to the Presidency of the United States, a position of more absolute governing authority and power than that of any king or emperor of Europe.

I have said that there are absolutely no class-distinctions in the United States of America. Who ever heard of the American peasant? The word is unknown in America. Again who ever heard of the upper class, or the middle class? No one hears such words in America as class-distinctions except perhaps among the "Four

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Hundred"—snobs—of New York. One does hear these things sometimes from Americans in Europe. And this brings me to my subject. I repeat, there is no character so interesting to the world just now as the American character. But it must be the genuine thing, without apology or pretence, or it is nothing worth. An American who tries to be somebody else, or who is always apologizing for his country and his countrymen, is the most contemptible creature on the face of the earth.

I once met a young American who had been to Eton and to Oxford, and was travelling on the Continent with an elderly uncle. I saw at once that the young man was very English, the old man very American. The young man talked like an English "swell"—that is, he talked almost nothing but the most insipid and meaningless slang and with an affected accent. The old man talked like a man of sense, who was proud of his nationality, but to the evident annoyance of the young Oxonian; who finally said in an undertone—"Don't *give yourself away*, uncle, they take me for an Englishman." "Then you're a fool, and *have given yourself away* in no figurative but in a very real sense," retorted the disgusted uncle.

## INTRODUCTION.

Now, this Oxonian represents a very large class of Americans in Europe—old and young, male and female—who *give themselves away* to the English and get nothing in return but contempt or patronage. There are a few Americans in Europe of a somewhat different type, who have sense enough to be proud of their country, if they do not choose to live in it.

I know an American who had the great honor of being presented to Mr. Ruskin. Almost the first thing this eminent man of letters said was, "A Yankee with an English accent: how does that happen?" To this very polite remark the American replied, "I had the misfortune to be educated in England."

On another occasion a great English lady said to this gentleman, "Do you know, I should have taken you for an Englishman." "I am very sorry, madam, that I do not appear to be what I really am," was the answer. "Oh! of course," said the grand lady, "you are quite right, but I thought our young American cousins did not mind a little resemblance to the old folks on this side of the water." "They certainly do not mind the natural family resemblance, and one of the strongest features of the Anglo-Saxon race is self-respect," said the American. "Yes, I

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suppose it is just as well for people to be what they are," rejoined the British matron. And this lady spoke the mind of the English people.

There is something very solid and real about the Englishman, whoever he is or whatever he is. It doesn't much matter what an Englishman is, so that he is what he is, without pretence or apology. Lord Salisbury is a conservative, a churchman, and an aristocrat—there is no possibility of doubt on these points—and the English people respect him. Mr. Bradlaugh was just as manifestly a radical and a free-thinker, and the English people respected him. Tennyson was a poet ennobled, and the English admired and venerated him. William Morris is a poet and a communist, and the people admire him. Wellington and Palmerston, Disraeli and Gladstone, the classical Lord Derby and the homely John Bright, are types of character which John Bull loves to honor and reward; but the Chamberlains and the Churchills he will never seriously press to his broad and manly bosom with any great feeling of paternal pride or affection. *Moral*—intended especially for Americans visiting England with social ambitions—if you wish to be anybody in England, be American.

## II.

### AMERICANS IN PARIS.

#### THEIR FONDNESS FOR FOREIGN TITLES.

ONE bright May day I was driving in the Bois de Boulogne with an English baronet, now deceased, who was for many years a conspicuous figure at the French capital, conspicuous more on account of his great wealth and munificent charity than for his social doings. In fact, he went little into society, for the reason that he was somewhat of an invalid during the last years of his life, and had neither the strength nor the patience to endure society bores. But for all that his social prestige was very great, and he was much sought after by the fashionable world; all the more so, indeed, because he was seldom seen anywhere, when he might have gone everywhere. That is the sort of personage who fills the breast of the social small fry with an envy which might be great, if these people were capable of experiencing any

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great emotion of whatever nature, good or bad.

Everybody knew about the wealthy baronet, about his great London Art Gallery—the greatest private collection perhaps in the world—and most people had heard something about his large charities in Paris. And then there were some peculiar circumstances concerning his birth and parentage which gave a very pungent flavor to the general interest attaching to this Englishman. Very well, then, it was with this distinguished gentlemen that I had the honor to drive. The day was perfect, it was the fashionable hour and all the great world was in the *Bois*. My beautiful compatriots were out in great force, and I was observed by all, and recognized by many, in a most pronounced manner. The baronet was a little surprised by the large number of my acquaintances; and in truth so was I, for I was favored with bows from many ladies with whom I was totally unacquainted.

I was myself pretty well known by sight and reputation, and was, I think I may say, known to be a perfectly respectable bachelor. But, to be frank, I was not a very distinguished member of the American colony in Paris.

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More than this, it was by the merest chance that I happened to be driving with this great person. I had written something on a social subject which interested the baronet, and he sent me a note asking me to call and talk over the matter with him. My visit, by good luck, fell just as he was going out for a drive, and I was invited to take a seat in his carriage, "and our talk will thus be free from interruptions," observed my host.

I had visited Paris often, and for a stretch of several months at a time, and yet I knew very few of my country-people. But things changed very quickly after my now memorable drive with the baronet in the *Bois*. In a few days my table was covered with "At Home" cards brought by the hands of liveried servants, and I was soon in the full swim of the gay world. I was invited almost everywhere, for those who had not seen me in the carriage of the great baronet saw me in leading *salons*, and the two together gave me the entrance everywhere, even into the most exclusive circles.

For a while I thought it best to keep myself *ex evidence*, but having once firmly established myself in the social world, I could of course afford to be, or pretend to be, independent and

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only went when I chose and where I chose; hence, I soon found it necessary to drop some unimportant families from my list, as it comprised enough of the ultra-fashionable set to fully occupy my time.

From Paris and London I was passed on to all the English and American colonies on the Continent—to Rome, Florence, the Riviera, etc., and it was in this way that I came to know “Americans in Europe” while I have remained myself almost entirely unknown.

The colony in Paris is by far the largest American community in Europe. This colony was founded under the most favorable auspices. France had been the only European friend of America during the War of Independence. The French really looked upon the United States as being, to a great extent, the work of their own hands. Lafayette had not only fought but had given his money to establish the American Republic, and De Tocqueville had expounded and glorified the constitution and commonwealth of America to the French people in a book which is still almost the best thing that has been written on America, notwithstanding the elaborate compilation of Professor Bryce.



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But of course the most important influence brought to bear upon the French people in favor of America and Americans was that of Franklin, which has already been noticed. Of the minor influences the marriage of the great Napoleon's brother, Jerome Bonaparte, with an American lady was of no slight importance, especially in the social world, and records the first of the many victories which the American woman has gained in Europe. It was a splendid advertisement of the American girls' beauty—for in this case at least it was beauty and beauty alone, unaided by wealth, that made the capture, and it was a veritable capture. Moreover, Miss Patterson had but one day and one night in which to plan and execute her action against the heart of a king. The encounter was short and sharp. The Baltimore beauty staked everything upon her personal—and I may say her physical—charms, for she discarded all ornaments, and the upper part of her person was draped with but a single garment and that of a texture so thin as to be hardly perceptible. Bonaparte came and saw and was conquered.

This I believe to be one of the most splendid victories that womanly beauty has ever won

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since the days of Queen Esther, or of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. And take note of this, ye corset-wearing maidens : Miss Patterson's victory was due to the fact that she engaged the enemy in the open—scorning all art, either to conceal or to heighten her charms.

Since this very notable victory of Miss Patterson's the beauty of the Baltimore ladies goes without saying. But beauty is not enough in these degenerate days, and a Baltimore girl without a million or so as a background to her charms—be they never so great—cannot hope to win against her New York or San Francisco rival who pays her money and takes her choice of all the old and worn-out and worthless titles of Europe.

Is it any wonder that Americans worship the almighty dollar (if they do) when they find that it is the almighty power in the Old World? And which one, I should like to know, is the better character: the one who buys or the one who is bought? For everything can be bought in Europe—even the marbles of the Parthenon, which are supposed to be the work of a Grecian sculptor by the name of Phidias, but which in this commercial age and in shop-keeping England very properly bear the name

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of *Elgin*, the person who bought them with English gold.

Everything, I say, can be bought in Europe, from the Frieze of the Parthenon down to the trumpery and generally disreputable designations of Prince or Princess, Count or Countess, Baron or Baroness, and even of "My Lord" and "My Lady," for have not the money-lenders of London bought their way even into the proud English Peerage? And then the people of Europe talk of Americans worshipping the Almighty Dollar! Worship it? Why they care so little for it that they throw it away upon the trumpery gewgaws of Europe. They show bad taste—very bad taste, I will allow, and even worse commercial judgment—for titles that can be bought and sold are badges of shame and not of honor, and the parties to such dealings not only belittle themselves but degrade social rank and vulgarize wealth. The rank that can be bought is the lowest of all ranks, and the money that will buy it is the most debased of all currency.

I say once for all that there is not a titled American woman in Europe who has not lost something in real social dignity by the wholly incongruous position she occupies. It has

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really come to this, that if one speaks now of an American Princess, Countess, or Baroness, it is absolutely necessary to explain at once what her social position was in America—if she had one—otherwise, even the respectability of her birth and bringing up will be questioned. For no American women of the best sort have ever desired to wear a European title, which as a social ornament is so wholly unbecoming to their birth and nationality.

I am willing to admit, however, that, on the first blush, titles sound very tempting to an American ear; more tempting to an American ear, perhaps, than to any other ear; and the reason is not far to seek. First, there is the general interest of novelty. Americans, home-bred, know little or nothing of the actual people who wear these titles. They have seen them only through the magnifying glass of their mind's eye; have met them only in poetry, in novels, and now and then in history.

In fiction, titled people are always made to play the leading rôles, and then if they are not always the wisest and the handsomest, the bravest and the best, they are at least the most distinguished, in some way or other. Again, there is no use denying the fact that the very sound

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of a title carries an idea of superiority with it. In this matter, as usual, "John Bull" hit upon exactly the right thing, and has the advantage over all his European rivals. "My Lord" carries more distinction and more weight with it than any other title in Europe. Now these mere titles of nobility stand for real nobility of character to the unsophisticated American mind: hence the glamour and the temptation.

Of course, one who has been in Europe long enough to learn the truth about these things knows that the facts are just the reverse of our childish ideals. We know that a title of nobility is often the badge of an idle, ignorant, vicious, and cowardly blackguard; and this knowledge—thanks to the law courts and the daily paper—is no longer the property of a few. There are some notable, but not very many, exceptions. The late Lord Houghton once said to Lord Stanhope in the House of Lords, "You and I, Stanhope, are the only men in this place who can read and write." "Pardon me," said Lord Stanhope, "you forget Lord Lytton."

It has been for some time an unwritten rule in the Lower House—the House of Commons—that if a member becomes insufferably dull the way to get rid of him is to kick him down (I

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suppose I should say up) into the House of Lords. Nothing is so sure a mark of impotency in a politician as to be created a peer. The House of Lords is not, therefore, wholly useless. But for the House of Lords what in the world could be done with such a politician as the late Sir Richard, and the present Lord, Cross? Let Mr. Labouchere, and those of his kidney, ponder this matter well before abolishing the "Upper House." So much for the brains of the noble peers. If dulness were, however, the only distinction of the "nobility" one could suffer it to pass, but the cry goes up from the Divorce Courts, from Libel Courts, from Baccarat Courts, and from all sorts of Criminal Courts; from London and Paris, from Berlin and Vienna, and even from India, "How long, oh Lord, how long, wilt Thou suffer them to encumber and pollute the earth!"

There is some excuse for the rich and ignorant American woman who wishes to exchange her dollars for a title. But to know the facts—as almost everybody must know them by this time—and then to barter for those base wares is simple infamy, and richly deserves, what almost invariably follows, disease and misery. But titled Americans in Europe are not much worse

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than some other kinds I shall mention, as I proceed in my self-appointed, albeit patriotic, duty.

Talleyrand tells of an American he met, somewhere in Pennsylvania, who had no desire to see General Washington, but was very anxious to see Mr. Bingham, "the man, they say, who is so rich." And the brilliant French diplomat gives this as an example of the vulgarizing influence of mere money, at the very beginning of the American national life. However true this may be—and I am sure it is less true of the beginnings of the American nation than of the beginnings of any European State—however true this may be, I am sorry to say that the American colony in Paris is, and has always been, for the most part, made up of people who prefer the "Binghams" to the "Washingtons."

The very rich and the very hospitable lady who used to reside in her great palace near the Arc de Triomphe is to the Parisian the typical American to-day, as Franklin was a hundred years ago. Nor need we express astonishment at this, for the lady in question is as much above the average American in Paris now as Franklin was above the average in his time. So, whenever you see Americans in Paris turning up their noses at the mention of this

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lady's name, know that they would gladly turn down their cards at her house if they could. Of course there are a few Americans in Paris who do not care for that sort of society, and who have no interest in this lady and her doings, but they keep their noses in their proper places, and never indulge in envious sneers at this millionaire. But Mrs. M—— has transferred her court to London, where we shall hope to meet her in due course.



### III.

#### THE AMERICAN DENTIST.

THE first American in Paris one would naturally suppose to be the Minister Plenipotentiary. But this is not so. The first American in Paris is a dentist. I know very well that this statement will be received in the American quarter—and especially in the American Church, Avenue de l'Alma—with scorn and derision. I shall not pause, however, just now to argue the question, but if you will take the trouble to stop the first Frenchman you meet in the “Champs Élysées” and ask him who is the most distinguished American in Paris, or in Europe, he, I am quite sure, will give you the name of this dentist. And he deserves his great eminence, for he, like the very rich lady, is a true type, if not the best type, of a genuine American. First of all he is a self-made and a well-made man, if the making of a great fortune counts for anything; and do we not all know that it counts for everything?

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This gentleman was born in a little village in the State of Pennsylvania. His father, I believe, was a poor farmer and the boy had no schooling to speak of. I do not know the particulars of his early life, nor how he got a start in his profession. By some means, however, he made his way to Philadelphia and managed to get employment there with a dentist. Soon after his arrival in the City of Brotherly Love he sent to some sort of exhibition a set of handsome artificial teeth. These false teeth caught the artistic eye of a distinguished American dentist who lived in Paris. This gentleman made inquiries, found the young dental artist, and carried him off to Paris as his assistant. Now this American dentist had no less a personage than the Emperor of All the French among his clients.

The dentist had, I am sorry to say, his failings—as who of us has not? Well, it so happened that on one occasion when he was unfortunately under the influence of one of these failings, the Emperor chanced to be afflicted with a toothache or something, and demanded—or, as is the way with such personages, commanded—the services of his dentist. To obey, in person, this Imperial command,

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was, at the moment, beyond the power of the poor dentist; and he was obliged to send a note by the hand of his assistant, pleading illness as an excuse. But the Emperor, like ordinary mortals, was not disposed to suffer even a toothache, if it could be avoided, and in his extremity asked the young assistant if he could give him any relief. Now, it may seem strange that this young American, fresh from his native Democratic soil, was not completely overawed by the presence of a live emperor. Such, however, was the case, and, moreover, he had nerve enough to do his work—whatever it was—in such a manner as to win, at once and forever, the confidence and the friendship of Napoleon III.

This one patient made the boy's fortune, and since then this dentist's career is as well known in Europe as Bismarck's or Gladstone's. And the secret of it all is that he has never tried to be anything but a dentist—that is to say, he has never been above his profession—has gloried in it, and has got more glory out of it than he could have got out of all the titles in Europe. He was the trusted friend and confidant of the Imperial family, and the Empress—as everybody knows—went to this American

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dentist in the hour of her great misfortune and peril, and he shielded her from the mob and conducted her in safety beyond the French border. Nor is it the least to his credit to say that he performed this great service with a skill and a daring worthy of a Knight of the Round Table, or, as we should prefer to put it, worthy of a true-born American citizen. Again, when her son, the unfortunate Prince Imperial, lost his life in the Zulu war, the heart-broken mother called upon the American dentist to identify the body.

This American citizen, the son of a poor farmer, has known, and known intimately, more kings and queens, emperors and empresses—not to mention anyone of lower rank and station—than any man in Europe, and it has not weakened in any way his American character. When the late Emperor Frederick was so ill at San Remo, the American dentist rendered him a most delicate and valuable service, which did more to relieve the Imperial sufferer than the physic of both the Scotch and the German doctors. And, after the Emperor's death, the American dentist had the good taste and the decency not to write a book about what he did, nor to advertise himself over the Emperor's

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grave, as the Scotch and German physicians saw fit to do. The American was too well known to require such an advertisement. He is now one of the richest and most famous men in Paris; but he is still a dentist and works at his profession, and has never forgotten that he is an American citizen. Were he an Englishman, he would long before this have been created a baronet, and, were he a Frenchman, he could have had, at least during the Emperor's lifetime, almost any title he may have fancied. He has, however, accepted only the badges of scientific distinction properly belonging to his profession.

This very distinguished American had a brother and a nephew in Paris who were both dentists. The brother married a rich and beautiful lady—the daughter of a famous New York hotel-keeper—and, retiring from his profession soon after his marriage, gave the most of his time to the American church, cultivated “nice people,” and was, of course, quite a superior person to his brother, the dentist, as his rector would doubtless testify. But this well-disposed, harmless man, has now joined the majority, and I have no further comment to make upon him. The nephew, however, got to be a

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marquis, in some way or other, and was immediately, and very properly, kicked out of the family—which he had disgraced—by his famous uncle.

Who will say that Americans are not interesting people, when three varieties such as these can be found in one family?

## IV.

### AMERICAN EDITORS IN PARIS.

#### TWO REPRESENTATIVE JOURNALISTS.

NEXT to the American dentist comes the American editor, and here again you will find a true type. Like all real Americans, editors stand first in whatever circle they choose to mix with. Usually, an editor has more brains and more real manhood in his composition than any dozen titled Europeans to be found within a year's search. One of those I have in my mind's eye is the proprietor and absolute manager of one of the greatest daily papers in the world. If you have any doubt of his being the real manager of the *New York Herald*, consult some one employed on the journal in question and your doubts will be removed. Besides his editorial work, this man is a great yachtsman, a great whip, a master of the hounds, and was at one time a great polo player.

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Englishmen pride themselves on being sportsmen, but this editor can beat any of them at a half dozen things and superintend his paper at the same time. Regarded simply as a sportsman, he is one of the most successful men living. He was the first "gentleman" to sail a pleasure yacht across the ocean. Without any training, he defeated a champion professional walker. He was the champion polo player in America as long as he chose to play. As a whip he has few equals, and as the Master of the Pau Hounds, he has won the good opinion of the best horsemen.

There are not a half dozen Americans in Europe who have the ability or the manhood of this editor, whom I have mentioned, not because I wanted to praise him, but because he is first and last and always an American, without pretence or apology.

I have now named the two most typical and most important Americans in Paris—the dentist and the editor—and perhaps it is just as well to add that I have not the honor of knowing either of these gentlemen personally.

There is another American journalist who has recently taken up his residence in Paris



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whose career might have furnished one of the best tales of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. This man is not more than forty-five years old, and has already retired with his "pile," and the biggest "pile" I venture to say that has ever been made in journalism, or in anything else, in so short a time. His wife, a niece of the late ex-President of the ex-Southern Confederacy, delights to tell the story of her husband's marvellous success, of which I can only give the merest sketch. He is a Hungarian by birth, and on his arrival in America, at the age of about twenty-two, he did not possess money enough to pay for a night's lodging, but slept his first night's sleep in the Great Republic on the soft side of a stone bench in Union Square, New York. Now twenty-two from forty-five leaves twenty-three—the number of years covering the career of this millionaire journalist. But more remarkable still, this man's vast fortune has been made really within the last ten years.

About ten years ago this journalist bought the New York *World*, a daily paper which had, under the masterly editorship of the Rev. W. H. Hurlbert, decreased in circulation until it no longer paid anything but the editor's salary. In

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less than five years after the change of management the New York *World* had the largest circulation—so it was said—of any paper in America. Within the past two years it has been turned into a joint stock company, and capitalized, if that is the term, at ten million dollars. In other words, these figures tell the marvellous story of a journalist making ten million dollars in ten years.

No wonder the wife is proud to relate, especially in the company—so I hear—of American baronesses, countesses, and princesses, the fairy tale of her husband's unparalleled career. The wife and the husband are worthy of each other. There are of course hundreds of my country people in Paris more or less interesting, in one way or another, but no one person, it seems to the present writer, stands out from the others in such a way as to warrant any extended personal notice.

## V.

### A HEROIC MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY.

THE LATE GOVERNOR WASHBURN.

I DID not mean to speak with any want of respect concerning the American Minister Plenipotentiary as an institution, but I am writing about interesting people, and he—well he may be very worthy and all that, and usually is, I believe, but he can't be said to be interesting. His efforts to appear like his colleagues in the diplomatic circle are sometimes amusing, I grant; but they are generally too pitiful to be interesting. Poor man, he does not know what to do, or say. If he would only do and say what good Americans are expected to do and say, all would be well with him. But no, he must needs try to be a European—and he ends by being nothing. He is generally some third-rate politician who is not strong enough to be of any real service to his party at home, and is

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yet too strong—for mischief—to be passed over in the division of the spoils. So he is got rid of by sending him to Europe. This, I think, applies with some modifying circumstances and considerations to almost all American Ministers at European Courts. Now and then, however, a real live American is given this post, as in the case of the late Governor Washburne, Minister to France.

Our late Minister at Paris, I hasten to say, was also a genuine American of decided ability, with sense enough to see that he could not shine as a diplomat—as no American can. Mr. Reid is a good type, one of the best types indeed, of a self-made American. As I have said, he was Yankee enough to see that he couldn't play the European game of diplomacy, and he didn't try. But the late Governor Washburne deserves some further notice. For the first twenty or perhaps fifty years of the American Republic her Representative in France was a person of importance. But this is not so now, and why? The United States of America have grown enormously during the last half century, and it seems natural that the influence of the nation's representatives should increase in a corresponding ratio. But it has not, and

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why not? For the simple reason that our representatives are not what they were fifty years ago. They used to represent American thought and life and progress; they now, for the most part, try to imitate European life and character. The American Minister loses his head on entering Paris, and never finds it again till some one else equally silly supplants him.

The first thing, and the best thing, for a man to do when he finds himself in a strange place among unfamiliar customs and things and surrounded by unknown people is to make sure of himself. If he will but stick to himself everything and everybody will come round to him and explain themselves to him. First, let the American Minister understand, if he has any sense at all, that he cannot hope to shine as a diplomat, a man of fashion, or in any sense as a man of the world, according to European acceptation. These are Old-World characters, which he cannot possibly assume with the smallest success. They are arts that can be studied only in Europe. They are strictly European, Old-World games, at which the American should never suffer himself to hazard the slightest word or act, for the cards are all

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marked and the dice are loaded against him. If, however, he will calmly and resolutely hold on to himself, and to his character as the Representative of the New World, he will in time force these card sharpers to play his game—that is the American game—at which he will always win.

One European diplomat is usually a match for another, and in the end there is very little lost, and nothing gained, on either side, for diplomacy is one of the “played-out” games. Let America keep out of it! Nations nowadays do not trust any real interest to a diplomatic sleight-of-hand performer. There is little scope at the present time for such a career—such an unworthy career—as that of a Talleyrand. The Metternichs and the Castlereaghs are also left without an occupation.

Diplomacy represents the old *régime* of falsehood, intrigue, and corruption. Let America, I repeat, keep out of it! The diplomat has still some little power for mischief, but not much. His occupation has gone or is fast going. The United States have no complicated diplomatic relations with the Old World, simply from the fact that the United States have no diplomats. As lawyers make lawsuits,

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so diplomats make diplomatic muddles. Let America keep out of such entanglements !

There have been complaints recently, from Rome, and Paris, and London, that the delicate questions of diplomacy can no longer be kept a secret, but are known and discussed by all men. This is as it should and always must be. No man in the future will be able to play the game of diplomacy in secret. Every diplomatic card that is played, and every move that is made, is closely watched by the whole world ; or, more properly speaking, the so-called diplomat can only play the cards or make the moves that he is ordered to make by the Sovereign People of the nation whose servant he henceforth is, in the proper and real sense.

But I set out to speak of the late Governor Washburne, American Minister to France during the Franco-German War. If you were to mention this gentleman's name in the American Colony in Paris you would probably hear such exclamations as these, " Such a mistake," " An impossible man," " It is a great pity that our Government should send such men to Europe," " Why, he could not speak one word of French," " Knew nothing about society," etc.

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These are some of the expressions which I have heard about this particular minister. True he did not speak French and did not try to shine as a man of fashion, in any sense. But when the war broke out, when the gayest and the most beautiful of all the capitals of the world was harassed on the outside and rent internally ; when hunger and starvation within and a hostile army without laid the gay and proud city in the dust ; when the French-speaking compatriots and the elegant diplomatic colleagues of this "impossible man" had hurried off to places of safety and comfort ; then it was that the American character in the minister asserted itself ; then it was that all things came round to this man ; and he who had sense enough and strength enough to hold on to himself, that is, to his national character, in the face of European diplomacy and Parisian society, now had the courage to cling to his post, when all of his colleagues, without a single exception, had deserted theirs.

Could anything better illustrate the difference between the Old and the New World character ? This man was a true representative of America. He represented her kindness, her sympathy for humanity, and her courage.



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Mr. Washburne remained in the doomed city and won a great and a good name by his kindness and his humanity in giving protection to the unfortunates of all nationalities shut up in the besieged city. Can we compare, for one moment, the typical European diplomat with such a man ?

There are very few principalities or dukedoms founded upon conduct so glorious, or that owe their origin to a character so truly heroic. After the war-cloud had rolled by it was very natural that the new-born French Republic should wish to give some token of its appreciation to this great representative of a sister Republic. The French Government expressed such a wish, but their generous action was opposed, and by whom ? By one of the literary, Europeanized American "diplomats," who had misrepresented the United States at two or three European Courts. Both of these men, the literary diplomat and the true American representative, have now crossed the river, and I venture to think that the true and kind-hearted "Western Man" will be remembered long after the historian and his unreadable, though I daresay very learned, volumes are forgotten—save perhaps by the antiquarian.

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Americans in Paris would make a knowledge of the French language indispensable to the post of minister. That it would be most convenient for the minister to know French, no one is such a fool as to deny; but there are perhaps not a dozen men of real ability in the United States, outside literary and educational circles, who can speak French; and to make a knowledge of French an essential qualification for the ministership would be to surrender the post entirely into the hands of the snobocracy of America. If we must have ministers at the Courts of Europe—the necessity of which I do not see—let them be Americans of the genuine type, and not the half-and-half European breed.

## VI.

### THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN PARIS.

#### CLERICAL ANGLOMANIA.

THE beautiful American church in the Avenue de l'Alma is the centre around which the American Colony revolves. There is another American church (Presbyterian) in the rue de Berri, but all the fashionable Americans, whether they be Episcopalian or non-Episcopalian, have seats in the Avenue de l'Alma church, as it is quite the thing to do. This is by far the most expensive church edifice, and altogether the best equipped church, of all the English and American churches on the Continent of Europe. The vestries are magnificent, the finest I have ever seen anywhere. There are also splendid rooms for the various church guilds, which do a large amount of good work for the poor of Paris, especially the poor children.

There is a surpliced professional choir, of

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about thirty men and boys, and a choral service is performed every day in the year. These men and boys, as well as the organist, are all imported from London, the precentor and the choir-master being the only Americans.

The rector is an American by birth, which of course was no fault of his, and he does everything in his power to make amends for the paternal sin. Should you, therefore, see anything in his church or its services to remind you of America I am sure the rector is not to blame. For example, the officiating clergyman in the American Episcopal Church is given the option, I believe, at the evening service of using one of the Ten Selections of Psalms, in place of the regular psalm or psalms for the day. I never knew an American church in which this was not done some time or other; but I have never known it to be done in the Paris church. And why? It is not so ordered in the English Book of Common Prayer, and the English people are very conservative, you know, and don't like changes.

But let me tell this very considerate rector that the English people do like changes outside of their own country and their own National Church, and if he is setting his net for them the

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best thing is to give them the American service, pure and simple. It is a shorter service and a prettier service, and the slight changes are all for the better, and the English clergy see it and know it and like it. The rector has worked hard to get his fine church, and he can point with just pride to the splendid edifice he has built as the work of his own hands, for the glory of his—God, let us hope.

While I am on this subject, the case of an American church in Paris occurs to me, which has given occasion for much clerical heart-burning, and I am induced to refer to it, as it illustrates, in a concrete manner, the evils of this clerical Anglomania, of which I have been speaking. The assistant in the church is an Englishman, but whether he has taken English or American orders is a question. His name does not appear in the English Clergy List, and yet, as he has never lived in America, I cannot understand how he can be in American orders. The following interesting account of this assistant was given me by a clergyman, who vouches for its truth. It appears that this Englishman came to Paris as a tutor, and having a voice he sought an engagement as choir-singer, which he obtained in the American church. He was,

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however, soon promoted to the position of reader, an office he discharged with great satisfaction to the rector, and the congregation as well. But how he has been transformed into a "priest," as he calls himself, is the curious thing. He was not ordained in Paris; he was not ordained in England. As he has never had a residence in America, how could he receive his ordination there? These are questions which are troubling the mind of my clerical informant. Perhaps the rector and his vestry will arise and explain. Not that the general public are much interested, but the American clergy are. I have not the slightest doubt that the ordination took place; but how, and where, and when, are the questions I am instructed to ask on behalf of the canons and constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

Let the rector have an English assistant, by all means, and one to his own liking, but not one of his own making! So say the American clergy, or, at least, so says one of them.

Before this English assistant came to stay, a number of American, English, and even Scotch parsons came and went, and sometimes in rather quick succession. One or two of these gen-

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tlemen were good preachers, which the rector unfortunately is not, and one may thus account for their short stay. But the worst of the thing is that they have all, or nearly all, had some trouble or other with the rector, and not one word of praise will they bestow upon this man of God.

For some years the church I am referring to was a friend and supporter of Père Hyacinthe and the "Gallican," or Old Catholic, church. But this is all changed now, and the good père and his work get no help, but a great deal of hinderance, from his quondam ally.

There are a few people in the church I am speaking of who are still friendly to the Old Catholic movement, and the rector, so the gossips say, makes these innocent souls believe that he would like to help the cause, but that his vestry oppose it, and that he is compelled in the interests of peace and harmony to withdraw his official and public support. Now, the vestry, or at least some members of that body, tell an equally pretty though a somewhat different story.

There is also a gray-bearded Scotch clergyman—a chieftain, I believe—who was once the assistant-minister of the church and who has

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the prettiest of all stories to tell. It is, in brief, something like the following. This Scotch clergyman was for several years the chaplain of the English church in the Rue Marbœuf. The lot upon which his church once stood was required by the municipal authorities and the building was taken down. The reverend rector and his flock were thus without a place of worship. It was resolved at once to erect another church building, and, in the meantime, the chaplain was persuaded to unite with the American church in a joint service. This union was maintained for two or three years, when the Scotch clergyman was induced—so he says—by the rector and vestry of the American church to go to America on a mission in behalf of Père Hyacinthe and the Old Catholic church, the rector and vestry promising—so the story goes—to provide one thousand dollars toward the expenses of his journey. He went to America, where he remained for two years, doing what he could to collect money for the object of his mission. He received no compensation for his services, and all his expenses were paid out of his own pocket. He did not get—so he affirms—the money pledged him by the rector and vestry of the American church in Paris. He wrote



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frequently reminding them of their promise, and on his return to Paris made a formal demand for one thousand dollars from the rector and vestry, and they as formally denied his claim. Now, the Scotch chieftain has the fighting blood of the Highlander in his veins, and I shall not wonder if we hear something more about this matter. In the meantime, the attitude of the American church, its rector and vestry, toward the Old Catholic church needs some explanation.

The American church in the rue de Berri is very American, too American in fact, in some respects, as it has introduced in gay and giddy Paris methods and customs suited only to the innocent village life of the United States. The American Sunday-school system does not appear to me to be perfectly adapted to Parisian life and character. Its chief value in America is the opportunity it offers for innocent love-making, from which little or no harm ever results. In many villages and towns in the United States the Sunday-school is almost the only place where the boys and girls, the young men and young women, have a chance to meet and amuse one another, and young people are never thrown together in that promiscuous way without more

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or less love-making going on. Many an American husband and wife met for the first time in the Sunday-school room as teacher and pupil. Of course there are many Sunday-school flirtations which do not result in matrimony. I myself remember one in particular—but the number of those which do is quite sufficient to justify the existence of this distinctly American institution. But it cannot be transplanted into the impure atmosphere of the Old World, and especially into the peculiar atmosphere of Paris, without great risk.

It is all very well for the Sunday-school teacher, somewhere in Western New York or Ohio, to make love to the prettiest girl in his class. He is probably a young doctor, or a lawyer, or a dry-goods clerk, whose habits are well known to everybody. He means no harm and could do no harm if he did mean it. But it is a very different thing for painters and sculptors in Paris to make love to their pretty pupils, as has sometimes been done, so I hear. They are all Americans, to be sure, but the American artist or art student in Paris is a very different person from the American village doctor, or lawyer, or schoolmaster, or clerk, or farmer.

I think, therefore, that upon the whole it is

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just as well for American sculptors and painters to stick to their professions, and not to assume the *rôle* of Sunday-school or any other kind of biblical or religious teacher in Paris; especially so if their studios should not happen to have the reputation of being the wholesomest and purest places on earth.

And now that I am upon this subject I would take the liberty of advising American mothers with pretty daughters in their teens—or out of them, for the matter of that—to attend to their Bible instruction at home, and never by any chance to send them to the American Sunday-school in Paris. These suggestions are founded upon some knowledge of human nature, as well as upon special observation, and they are offered to parents and pastors gratuitously, and from the most disinterested motives.

## VII.

### AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

A SENSUAL ATMOSPHERE; GOOD PAINTING; POOR  
SCULPTURE.

SOMEONE has said that if a young man spends his days in gloating over nude models, and his nights in carousing with them, he is called an art student in Paris. It may not be quite so bad as that, but I am not in a position to make a flat denial of this statement. Paris is undoubtedly a good place to study the science of the Fine Arts—that is, the technique—but it is not a good place to practise it, unless a man be happily married. Let Americans get what they can out of the art treasures and training of the Old World, but when they have got these things let them go home and use the knowledge and the training to some real artistic purpose. If they can't do this, they are not, and never could be, artists.

The real artist must have a mind and thought

### *AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.*

of his own, and his native soil is always the best place for him to do his work. But, and if the so-called artist has no mind or thought of his own he had better stop in the Old World, for it is much the best place for copyists and imitators of all kinds. Of course there are some extenuating circumstances which one should consider in passing judgment upon American artists in Europe. First of all, it is much cheaper living in Europe, which is no trifling matter to many artists just beginning their profession. But if there is ever to be an American master, in the fullest and widest sense, he will have to do his work on American soil, and under the influences of the New-World thought and feeling and aspiration, and not in the wholly sensual atmosphere of Paris, or in the graveyards of Rome.

There are some very able American painters in Paris. This was clearly shown by the American Art display at the Universal Exhibition. The average quality of the American work was surprisingly high, next in value, so it was thought by many, to the French. And there were two or three American painters who actually excelled all others in some features of their art.

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The American exhibit was very weak in sculpture—in fact, the whole world is growing weak in sculpture, and must continue to grow weak in sculpture, until sculptors return to the old and honest way of being what their name implies—or should imply—a carver in stone, etc. They are at present simply modellers in clay. Few of them ever use a chisel, nor can they use a chisel.

There is but one American sculptor in Europe, so far as I know, who actually “sculpts” his own work. I have heard that there is an American in Paris who gives out that he always finishes his own marbles. I have made careful examination of this story, and am sorry to say that I am not prepared to vouch for its truthfulness. That he has unfinished work in his studio is true; true it is, also, that he has the tools of the “sculptor’s art” on exhibition; but as to his using these tools with his own hands on works of art in any serious way I will not affirm.

There are perhaps a dozen well-known American painters in Paris—too well known, in fact, to add to the novelty or interest of these pages. Mr. B—— was for several years the acknowledged head and front of American art in Paris. But he has at last fallen from his

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high estate ; or, to speak more correctly, others have surpassed him, and at present the leadership cannot be awarded to anybody without a very close examination of comparative merits, which I am not prepared to make. If Mr. Sargent were still in Paris, the position would probably be conceded to him by his fellow painters.

## VIII.

### THE AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS.

INCLINED TO FLIRT; MISDIRECTED ENERGY.

I AM fully aware that the American Girl (God bless her!) has furnished "copy" for many a needy penman and penwoman, so that I cannot hope to add novelty to her many other charms. Still, I shall venture upon an observation or two, for it would be an unpardonable offence to write about "Americans in Europe" with the American Girl left out.

I was about to say something concerning the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out, but it is just as well to give old and faithful servants a rest now and then. Besides, I think European penmen should be allowed a full copyright on all these old and trite sayings, for without them they would be almost destitute.

I well remember the first large morning (*i.e.*, afternoon) reception I attended after my drive with the Baronet. It was in the Avenue Mon-



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taigne. On entering the *salon* I was greeted by my beautiful compatriots with a volley of smiles, from black eyes and blue eyes, brown eyes and gray eyes, for American women have great variety of orbs. I say a volley of smiles, and I think I use the word "volley" advisedly, for my countrywomen fire their smiles point blank at their victims. This is peculiar to them.

The French and Italian beauties shoot from the corners of their eyes, and seemingly at no definite mark. Not so the practical American. Having once chosen her game, she takes good aim and fires straight at him, and he knows it—cannot help knowing it—and she seldom misses the bull's-eye. Her English (elder) cousin does not proceed either with the directness of her American cousin, or the indirectness of her Continental rivals. Her smile is ambiguous, and generally misleading. It is sometimes hard to tell whether it is subjective or objective; *i.e.*, whether it is intended for you or for some ideal person within her maiden bosom. To say the least, it is not so frank as the American, nor so bantering as the Continental smile, and it is apt to be rather lofty or patronizing. But then it is always a well-bred smile—the best bred smile in the world. But this apart.

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After receiving volley after volley with modest bravery, and returning the attack with some little show of sport and some slight execution, let me hope, I settled down in a still corner with a quiet English girl, where a hand-to-hand, as well as an eye-to-eye, encounter was waged for the rest of the day. For, let me say, in justice to our fair British cousin, that when you once get past the outer battlements of her cold reserve you will find the Albion beauty the most sympathetic of all maidens. But you must be quiet about it, very quiet, you know, if you wish to tame the British girl. The American girl is very disappointing in this particular, for she is the hardest of all to tame—it is, in fact, quite impossible to subdue her wild spirit. She tempts one in all sorts of ways in the presence of others, and seems the easiest possible game, but, sad to say, when alone she is the most unsympathetic of female mortals. But I must say something about this, my first, reception, which may be taken as a typical “At Home.”

The first thing on the programme was a piano solo by a professional, then a recitation in French by an American girl. Next a farce, acted by two members of the *Comédie Française*.

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Then a well-known American lady—amateur—sang. Some pupils of the principal singing teachers in Paris came next, and one of the great masters of the violin journeyed all the way from London for the special purpose of playing at this "At Home." A great ex-star of the operatic stage closed the programme, which was excellent, much better, indeed, than nine-tenths of the public concerts.

And now a word as to the *personnel* of this reception. There were American Baronesses, Countesses, and even a Princess. I saw here, for the first time, the American Baroness whose wretched daughter is now undergoing a life-sentence for the murder of her husband. I met this lady in many other *salons* in Paris, but since her great sorrow and shame I have found but one lady who ever knew her. Curious, is it not?

Conspicuous at this reception were the magnificently beautiful daughters of a late American banker in Paris. Why these remarkably fine girls do not marry is one of the mysteries of Paris. One thing is certain, they do not want titled husbands, for, if they did, they have the money to pay for them, and that down "on the nail," if necessary. Altogether, I should say

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they were of a much superior type to the title-hunting American women. But these ladies are young and rich and beautiful, and can well afford to wait until the proper men—and let us hope they may be Americans!—shall turn up.\*

There were other pretty unmarried American girls present, among them a blue-eyed damsel, who is to be seen almost every day driving a pretty pair of ponies in the Bois. I cannot understand how this young lady has—thus far—shielded her heart from the darts of the Baby-boy. She, also, I hope, is not a title-hunter.

There was another young lady at the reception worthy of notice. She was the daughter of a distinguished American painter in Paris, and the sister of another. This lady has since married. Her father is a rich man and had a large "dot" for his only daughter, but upon the one condition that it was not to be given in exchange for a titled husband. In fact, under no conditions would this stern parent accept a titled son-in-law. His daughter married

\* Since the above was written, one of these happy men *has* turned up, and is—as I thought he would have to be—an American author.

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a Protestant banker—a gentleman without a title. May they live long and prosper!

There was also present at this "At Home" the daughter of a very distinguished American poet and her cousins. The French art-world was represented by Carolus Duran, and the American art circle by Mr. Stewart, Mr. Alexander Harrison, and Mr. Dyer. The late English chaplain of the D'Aguesseau Church, with his wife and daughters, and some of his parishioners, represented the English colony. There was a slight sprinkling of French society people, but very slight, for Americans have hardly succeeded in getting into the real Parisian social world.

A few Americans have married into the Faubourg St. Germain circle, but they have not the power, if they had the wish, to lift any of their compatriots up to their exalted sphere. But, the truth is, they have no such wish. As soon as one American woman ascends a step above her associates, she looks down upon them with lofty pride and superiority, and would be the last person in the world to give any of them "a hand up."

The practical, business-like way in which the American woman in "high life" destroys her

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old friends; and magnifies and fortifies her own position, is a very pretty thing to see—or rather it isn't. The national smartness and keenness of the American mind, which have made it such a power in the business, political, and intellectual world, do not appear to the best advantage in social matters. They jar, in fact, upon our social nerves. Society does not take kindly to smart, aggressive people. It is compelled sometimes to tolerate, and even to pay court, to them; but it never loves them, and if they once fall, they fall like Lucifer, "never to hope again." Witness the Tranby Croft incident!

A smart, pushing person in the social world seems out of harmony with the eternal fitness of things. Now your American Countess, or Princess, or whatever her title may be, is the most enterprising social character in the whole world. She has absolutely no repose of mind or manner. She is always "on the go" and, like her father, the Wall Street broker, or the railroad wrecker, she wears herself out in a few years. Her enterprise is really a good thing, but it is in the wrong place. It was intended for the development of a new world, for the pine forests of Maine, and the gold diggings

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of California; but it does not look well when confined to the limited domain of Old World *salons*.

There are a number of American families, and detached individuals—bachelors, widows, and spinsters—living in Paris upon one pretence or another; some on account of their health, some on account of their wealth—or want of it—and others on account of American courts of law. I am a little sceptical as to the plea of health, but I know perfectly well that the plea of money or a want of money is a valid one. One can live well in Paris on an income that would not pay house rent in New York. Then, again, the social inducement is a very substantial one to a great many people, for there are people in society in Paris who would be in prison in America. There are, however, some Americans, I am glad to say, who frankly “own up” and confess that pleasure is their sole pursuit—and Paris is certainly the place for pleasure. Now let me say a few words about American students of Art and of Music, of both genders, in Paris.

## IX.

### AMERICAN STUDENTS IN PARIS.

#### THE HORRIBLE DANGERS TO WHICH THEY ARE EXPOSED.

OUT of the hundreds of American students who come to Paris every year, a great number succeed in getting back to their homes only through aid supplied from the Fund for Distressed Americans, while many become, if not objects of charity, objects of shame. The sad story of the seduction and utter ruin of a young American girl—an Art student—by one of the well-known American painters in Paris, is of too recent date to require any further reference. I may observe, however, that this man—a married man—is still flourishing in Paris, enjoying the fellowship of his brother artists, while his poor victim has been sent back to her heartbroken parents in the Far West, in hopeless sorrow and shame.

The fact is, that Americans and Englishmen



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in Paris are very much more given to that sort of thing than the average Frenchman. For the Frenchman seldom deserts the woman he wrongs, and it is never in his power to lead astray a girl of respectable parentage. She is too carefully guarded for such a thing ever to occur. American and English girls do not have the protection at home which French girls have, and how, in the nature of things, can they have it in Paris? They are sent to some French family, or *pension*; to the care of some English or American lady residing in her own apartment, etc., etc., all of which simply signifies nothing at all, so far as any real protection goes.

These girls are allowed to go out, at first in twos and threes, but it is not long before they are granted the liberty of walking out alone, and soon, very soon, they have made the chance acquaintance of a half dozen or more of their male compatriots, who make it their manly business to hunt down their pretty girl compatriots.

More than this. These "French families" and "English and American ladies" have been known to help on these chance meetings, when the man happened to possess a long purse and showed a liberal hand. Once in a while the

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public is startled by some such revelations as the one I have mentioned ; and more recently that of a well-known naval officer, who is also an M.P., and heir to a baronetcy. But the great majority of such cases never come to the daylight, or are quietly hushed up, and the victim disappears, while the betrayer is allowed to go on the even tenor of his way.

But the demoralization of the male art-student is even worse than the ruin of the girl students. Many, perhaps the majority, of these young men come from pure and simple homes and communities, where indecent females and nude models are unknown, and the first thing they behold on entering a Paris studio is a sight which covers them with confusion, and which they would be ashamed to mention to their fathers and brothers at home ; to say nothing of their mothers and sisters.

Now and then there is a young man with an artistic feeling strong enough to carry him through the dirt and the reeking filth of Paris studios, without much of it sticking to him. Such cases, however, are very rare. The great majority of these young men are debauched, fatally debauched, in thought and feeling, and

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never become anything more than imitators and copyists of the very worst features of the French school—which is nothing if not “natural,” *i.e.*, sensual and vulgar.

But I have a further observation to make in regard to the “American Girl” who comes to Paris to study music, for she, to my mind, is the most pitiable object of them all. She is often sent to Paris with money subscribed by her neighbors and admirers, who think that she certainly will become nothing less than a Patti. Every American town has at least one girl who gives some such promise of greatness on the operatic stage or with the violin. I have seen many of them on their arrival in Paris. They are generally pretty, with a fresh natural voice and manner, which are always charming. The next time you see them, they tell you, with a knowing air, that their teacher has forbidden them to sing. A year or two passes before you meet them again, and when you do, what a change! The freshness and naturalness both of voice and manner are gone, never to return; and with them have departed all that was pleasing; and you have instead something they call “method,” which means something very artificial and something very unmusical.

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Now and then one of these girls preserves her voice and becomes a good singer, in spite of teachers and their "methods." But the great majority succumb to the method and the abuse of their teacher, and pass from the public stage. The teachers will keep them just as long as their money holds out; but when that is gone they suddenly discover that these girls never had any voices, and it was quite impossible to make anything out of them. Not unfrequently they receive the most brutal treatment at the hands of these teachers. I had the following story from a good and creditable source. A young girl whose money was all spent went to her teacher and said she could take no more lessons. On giving her reasons, the teacher—a woman—responded, "You have a pretty face and I see no reason why you should not have all the money you require. Rich men are plentiful in Paris."

On another occasion this same teacher told one of her pupils—whose money was also gone—that she would never make a singer, and the best thing for her to do was to marry. "There is a little chemist down there," said she, pointing across the street, "he has money and wants a wife—or something—and I would advise you

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to make his acquaintance." One of these teachers is growing rich upon her American pupils. How much longer, I wonder, will Americans continue to lay their dollars at the feet of such creatures ?

## X.

### PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN PARIS

#### AS CENTRES OF IMMORALITY.

THERE has been a great deal of money given in England and America for the support of a certain well-known Protestant mission in Paris. I have no doubt that many persons connected with the administration of this mission act from the very best motives. But I also know that many of the people in charge of these mission-stations are there for money, and are wholly unworthy the support of Christian — or any other — charity. These missions themselves are often, as I have good reason for knowing, centres of immorality—in spite of the good intentions of their promoters.

Night meetings in Paris, of such a free and miscellaneous character, can never result in good. I have heard of a number of cases of working girls — French and English — who meet their seducers at these meetings. And

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some of these men have been their religious teachers. These leaders at the night meetings are not infrequently artists, who give their services free of charge.

There is another institution not far from the *Arc de Triomphe*, concerning which I should like to say a few plain words, but as the superintendent of this "Home" is now the wife of a colonial bishop I shall forbear, hoping that things may improve in many ways.

## XI.

### AMERICANS IN LONDON.

JOHN BULL TAKES THEM TO HIS BOSOM — FOR A  
PERMANENCY.

WHILST Americans have always been popular in Paris, they have but recently — *i. e.*, within the last ten or twenty years — come into vogue in London. John Bull is not only the most conservative individual in Europe, he is also the most prejudiced. “Prejudice” and “conservatism,” I am aware, are equivalent terms, differing only in a very slight grammatical sense. But the word “Conservative,” whilst it includes all that can be meant by “Prejudice,” has perhaps a keener and more intense signification. John Bull looks at but one side of any question, old or new, until he is obliged to look at the other. This is his conservative character, his passive character, for the true nature of the conservative principle is to render its victim passive and indifferent to what is



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going on in the world about him, so that his personal quiet is not disturbed.

John Bull sits in his comfortable corner, with his pipe and his mug, smoking and guzzling and dozing over his party paper, and the only things that can arouse him is a cry of fire, or a flood, or an earthquake. Now, fortunately for John, there have been several such disturbances in the commercial, social, and political life of England during the last twenty-five years. The truth is, John Bull's after-dinner nap has been frequently disturbed of late. He has been driven out of his corner and his arm-chair, that is, out of his purely passive or conservative mood, more than once of late, and has been compelled to assume an active mood now and then.

Now your conservative is always moved by prejudice, when he is moved at all, so that a conservative in action is always a man of blind prejudice. I suppose Brother Jonathan has done more to disturb the quiet after-dinner slumbers of John Bull than any other person. He is such a nervous, restless, never-quiet sort of individual, is Brother Jonathan. This activity is seen in all his ways, from the smallest to the greatest. If he drinks or smokes — but the

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truth is he indulges less in these forms of excitement than any other Anglo-Saxon character — I say, if he drinks or smokes at all, he does it “on the go” — never sitting and dozing.

When John Bull does not take his “toddy” at his own fireside, he spends two or three hours in the public-house over a “twopenny worth of half-and-half.” Brother Jonathan enters the American saloon, asks for a whiskey or brandy straight (neat), tosses it off at one swallow, throws a glass of ice-water after it, rings down his quarter of a dollar on the counter, and is gone like a shot.

John Bull looks on at such an extraordinary performance with amazement and disgust. But the worst of it is (for John Bull) the Yankee carries this quick, restless movement into everything commercial, political, and intellectual; and in order to keep up with him, or somewhere near him, John Bull’s after-dinner nap has had to be given up more than once. He refused for a long time to have this “Yankee” interfere with his slumbers, and swore and kicked out at intervals in his broken dreams with all the vigor of his deep chest and stout legs. But it was all to no purpose, for he could not sleep, and whenever he

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opened his heavy eyes, the tall, slight figure of Brother Jonathan flitted before him like a spectre, and the sharp, high-pitched, twanging Puritanical tones of the Yankee voice sounded unceasingly in the dull ears of the sleeper.

The American Civil War gave "John" a few years of comparative peace and quiet, and he hoped, did honest John in his heart of hearts, that it was "all up" with this universal disturber of his peace. But John was not wide-awake enough to read correctly the signs of the times. He made, in fact, one of those miscalculations which are rare with him to be sure, but which are very awkward when they do occur. The Yankee nation did not go to pieces as "John Bull" believed and fondly hoped it would. On the contrary, it came out of its awful baptism of blood stronger and steadier, with a sober-mindedness, a seriousness of character, which it had not before possessed, and which was very much needed. And now with these very dearly bought national qualities the Republic of the United States of America has come to stay, and must be reckoned with everywhere and at all times by the nations of the world.

John Bull has at last waked up and sees this

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clearly, and when he does clearly see that a thing is inevitable there is no further need of exhortation ; he accepts it, adds it to his creed, and acts upon it. The American pill was a bitter, a very bitter one, for him to swallow, fond as he is of pills. But John has swallowed it at last, and there is the end of the matter.

Of course, it was never a very difficult thing for him to swallow the American sugar-coated female pellet. But now her father and brother, and all the other male members of the family, are taken down without a single wry face. And thus it is that Americans have, by slow but sure approaches, come to be almost as much the vogue in London as the English are in New York or Boston. John Bull is not fickle, and London will continue to cultivate her transatlantic kinsfolk of both sexes for centuries yet to come. The most conspicuous American in London is

#### *A LADY WITHOUT A TITLE.*

This lady was born and brought up in Boston, and from the age of sixteen, or thereabouts, was subjected to the envious gossip of Boston's very intellectual, though, truth to say, plain

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mothers and daughters. These Emersonian females believed that there is no such thing as beauty—save of the mind—and they could not understand how this young lady, with her very objectionable manners, could be countenanced by nice people. In other and perhaps plainer words, the strong minded “blue-stockings” of Boston, who scorned all physical charms, would not tolerate without protest the popularity of a very pretty and a marvellously gifted young lady, who thought more of dressing and dancing and flirting than she did of Emerson or of Brook Farm or Bunker Hill monument. So this young lady, with no lack of brains, but with keen enjoyment of her flesh and blood, was talked about by her bloodless and fleshless townswomen.

But these mentors, or rather mentoresses, were put to silence one fine day when one of the grand dames of the “Hub,” a lady of the highest social rank, took this frivolous beauty with her to Saratoga for a season. “How could Mrs. O—— do such a thing,” was all they dared to whisper. Having once left Boston and its cant, it was but natural that this young lady should have no burning desire to return to this intellectual centre of the universe; to

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Parker, and Wendell Phillips, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; to bacon and beans; to brown bread and cod-fish balls; to plain living and high thinking.

This very pretty girl (who had, by the way, more brains under her bonnet than any half dozen of her strong-minded critics) further outraged Boston culture by giving herself in marriage to a New Yorker. Since that event, no Bostonian could possibly speak well of this lady, and the truth is they do not try to do so. She was not long in Gotham without being known. Soon after her arrival in America's richest and most vulgar city, she gave a party to the Marquis of H——, who is now one of England's greatest Dukes. At this party the hostess created a sensation in the social world by wearing a coronet of gas.

The noble marquis also created a sensation, not only by the noble coronet he wore, but especially on account of a certain peculiar decoration he wore in his buttonhole. It was during the American War, and the Northern sympathizers with the rebellion were called "Butter-nuts,"—I have not the slightest notion why, but so it was. These sympathizers with rebellion accepted this epithet, gloried in it, so

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it seems, and had a scarf-pin made out of the hull of this nut.

At this great party some fascinating woman—the hostess, I have little doubt—presented the young and innocent English nobleman with one of these badges of treason, which he—inno-cent soul!—wore in his buttonhole during the evening. The American daily paper was equal to the occasion, as it is to most occasions, and this new lady's party and the great nobleman's name were grappled together with hooks of steel ever after. Was this gifted lady a Southern sympathizer? Not a bit of it. She simply had the happy knack of turning all things to her own social account. There was no question of her social pre-eminence in New York after the papers had finished discussing her party and the butter-nut nobleman.

But American society is not quite suited to a woman of this type. It is not centralized enough; it is broken up into too many circles to give proper range to a woman of this calibre. New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore—and even Chicago—have their own social world; and no one lady can hope to reign supreme in all, or indeed in more than one, of these cities. Local prejudice and

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democratic principles are very strong in each one of these great centres, and the chief social honors are always given to native talent.

The social rewards in America are not therefore sufficient to induce a lady of supreme ability to enter into the contest, or at least continue in it very long. Paris is France, London is England, Vienna is Austria, Berlin is Germany, St. Petersburg is Russia, but New York is not America. European society, like European politics, is centralized. This Boston girl took in the situation, and it was not long before she turned her face toward Europe.

Paris was at that time the paradise of Americans living, as it is now said to be of Americans dead. To Paris this lady journeyed fresh from her New York triumphs. But she entered the "lists" at the French capital without any of the advantages of her transatlantic victories. The truth is, she entered the social race—the social *Grand Prix*, if you please—very heavily handicapped, and won her first race under anything but favorable conditions. She attended a masked ball at the "Tuileries" and captured Napoleon III., as Miss Patterson had captured his uncle Jerome, in one evening, and that too without the aid of her face.



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It was in the character of "Punchinello" that she appeared at the royal ball. The Emperor had no idea as to her identity, but suspected her nationality and was determined to know her. At the Imperial reception which followed the ball, Napoleon was observed to toy carelessly with a miniature bell. Lady after lady was presented to the Emperor and Empress when suddenly the Emperor bowed low and offered the toy-bell to an American lady saying, "This is your property, is it not, madame?" Our Boston girl blushed becomingly, admitted the soft impeachment, and from that time she had the Emperor of the French securely on her list. It is hardly necessary for me to explain that the Emperor had roguishly purloined this little trophy from the costume of Punchinello on the night of the ball.

From Paris this lady moved onward and upward, to London. I say upward, for several good and sufficient reasons. I must first admit, however, that the brilliancy of the French court at the height of Napoleon III.'s reign surpassed, incomparably, that of any other European capital; while the English court—if court it might be called—was the dullest of all the great Powers. But—and it is these "buts"

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after all that determine the relative value of things—a woman may be very prominent, very conspicuous, in official social circles in Paris, without having any real power or influence. For there are women in the great world of Paris who are not and never can be of the great world of Paris.

Certain things are taken for granted as the price paid by all women who become very conspicuous, in any way whatsoever, in Paris. In France these official granddames are never the subjects of gossip, for the simple reason that their elevation is supposed to tell its own story to anyone and everyone; and what everybody knows, or think they know, can never be an interesting subject of gossip. Our Boston girl had lived long enough in New England to have her wits thoroughly about her. If she did not know much or care much for the “over-soul,” she knew enough not to overdo her part; and she soon saw that to hold her place in Paris, and at the French court, was to lose what Cassio prized above everything else—reputation. She was not disposed to part with that commodity; so she turned away from the intoxications of Parisian life, to the more sober atmosphere of London.

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Now, say what you will of John Bull's cant, of his Sundays and psalm-singing, in spite of these things he is at bottom — what Dr. Johnson said of someone, to the great amusement of Hannah More — an honest and truly religious person; and will not give the light of his rather heavy countenance for long to women who do not lead honest and respectable lives — or, at least, who do not have the reputation of leading honest and respectable lives.

Our heroine knew this peculiarity of the British nation and did not stop too long in Paris, but just long enough; and then she folded her tent, and, like the Arab, silently stole away, to London town. She was not wholly unknown in London, for, as we know, she had once upon a time given a party in New York to a distinguished British nobleman, heir to one of the greatest dukedoms in England. She had also met another Englishman — of foreign extraction — Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. She had met this very august personage first in America in 1861 and afterward in Paris, and, of course, had him securely on her list. She thus entered the British capital and began her career in London under the most powerful patronage; and she has never lost it.

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For more than twenty years the Boston lady without a title has been the most conspicuous American woman in London. Many have been the efforts to supplant her; to weaken her influence; to destroy her commanding position in the social world of London; but these efforts have thus far proved vain and impotent. At first, almost every American girl who has happened to capture an English title makes a bold effort to get on without knowing this American lady without a title—tries, in plain words, to snub this lady; but it doesn't pay; and my new lady comes round at last and eats something very like humble pie from this lady's table.

I would therefore advise all newly crowned American girls to make terms at once and at any cost with this uncrowned queen of Americans in London society. If they do not, they will rue it; mind my word! This lady is one of the most accomplished women in either hemisphere. She sings well enough to have made a great career on the operatic stage; and she plays as well as she sings. Add to these accomplishments beauty, wit, and grace, and you have the most powerful social force conceivable.

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Unfortunately for me, I have heard this lady sing but once ; and that, strange to relate, was at a fashionable wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. We had been seated in the church for some time after the appointed hour for the marriage ceremony when the organ sounded out the notes of the "Lost Chord," and, to my amazement, instead of a wedding march, we had this beautiful song arranged by Sir Arthur Sullivan sung by a lady in a way I had never heard it sung before nor since. The improvised singer proved to be the subject of our sketch.

I afterward learned that a telegram had been received which stated that the train carrying some of the bridal party had been delayed, and this lady held the wedding-guests with the charm of her voice until the bridegroom appeared. I do not believe there is another woman within the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, who would have, or could have, dared to do such an extraordinary thing.

Speaking of the "Lost Chord" and its author, reminds me that the musical knight is not the least of this lady's admirers. He is accused of being rather fickle in his worship of the fair

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sex in general ; but as regards this lady in particular he is faithfulness itself in his admiration, and she, I am told, prizes his devotion far above her most notable triumphs.

There are numbers of American women in London who have succeeded in capturing, or buying, titles of various degrees, from a humble knight to a duke ; but they lose interest the moment they give up their simple American character for an old-world mask of any description whatsoever. These titles cannot be anything but masks, however skilfully or gracefully they may be worn.

I am perfectly certain I can go into a drawing-room or *salon* full of My Ladies, Countesses, and Princesses, and pick out every American woman at once ; and that before any of them have spoken a word. The American woman is always and everywhere acting a part ; she either overdresses, or underdresses ; overacts, or underacts her part ; she says too much, or too little. You may know her also by what she leaves unsaid, as well as by what she says ; by what she does not, as well as by what she does, do. Thus it is, that she is always under the cruel curse of being obliged to reveal her national character, and to declare herself a fraud.

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There is a certain very conspicuous American lady in London who married a lord, the youngest son of a duke. She is very beautiful, very graceful, very gifted in every way, and uncommonly popular, and deserves to be. She wears the mask of nobility with great art and distinction; but there is no mistaking the fact that she was not to this manner born; that she was to a very much better manner born, I sincerely believe; and I also believe that this American would be a much greater social force if she were not handicapped by "My Lady."

But London swarms with American ladies of title, and I could not if I would—which, God forbid!—mention half of them; for the truth is, not one-fourth part of them is of any interest to any mortal but to themselves. There are one or two of the more recent Anglo-American alliances, however, which call for some passing notice. In one of these cases, there was, I am happy to say, no money consideration on the one hand, and no titular consideration on the other. On the contrary, strange as it may seem, the case I have in mind is that of an American woman who without money captured, or rather was caught by, an Englishman without a title.

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The facts are interesting. The gentleman in the case, a famous politician, went a-fishing in the troubled international waters of England and the United States and caught—well, if not a satisfactory treaty, something much better—a wife. He is, as I have said, without a title, but his position is becoming more equivocal every day as to this matter. That he is no longer the powerful Radical politician he once was, or was thought to be, is now quite certain; and it is beginning to look very much as if he were destined to be taken out of the company of his equals into the society of his inferiors, the House of Lords. How high he may be forced to rise I know not, but I have little doubt that he will some day attain the exalted rank of “Lord Chamberlain.” I acquit his American wife, however, of all complicity in the plot.

I must not forget to mention that a daughter of Minister Motley married a man with a title, although not much of a one; and, barring this slight titular disfigurement, her husband, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, is, as an all-round hand in Law, Literature, and Politics, the cleverest man in England,—or anywhere else, so far as I know.



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Concerning the rich American orphan who threw her fortune and herself away upon one of the blacksheep of the "Prince of Wales's set," I have little to say. That this baronet and officer in Her Majesty's service—the representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and one of the most illustrious in England—could have accepted, the day after his conviction of having cheated and prevaricated, the sacrifice of a foolish and romantic girl, is enough in itself to show to what depths the so-called "nobility" of Great Britain has sunk.

## XII.

### THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

MANY men, of many minds, have been sent, first and last, to occupy this very honorable but very useless post. Of these men New England has had her share, perhaps more than her share. This, the biggest and sweetest of all the diplomatic plums, has fallen to her lot very often. Everett, Bancroft, Adams—father and son—Motley, Lowell, and Phelps are a few of the New Englanders who have been sent by the United States as Envoys-Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James.

With hardly a single exception, these New Englanders have tried to play the game of "Old England," and have been beaten hollow. The first-mentioned gentleman was undoubtedly an accomplished scholar and orator, and, when that is said, all the good is said that can

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be said about this functionary. He it was who began the toadyism to England and English things which his successors have kept up so well ever since. He is entitled—so I think—to the distinction of being the first of a rather lengthy line of New England snobs. Very gentlemanly snobs, I grant you—very scholarly, refined, cultured snobs, it is true—but snobs all the same, wanting, every man of them, in that true dignity which attaches to anyone and everyone who is an American citizen, without explanation or apology, and who will not pay court to empty pretence, to the neglect of modest worth.

The would-be great men who carry the lofty air of truculent apologists for their country are infinitely inferior to any simple-minded honest-hearted patriot, be he the humblest farmer or artisan in any American community.

When the Civil War broke out, when men's souls were tried as by fire, this ex-minister to England could not make up his mind what to do till it was too late to do anything. The truth is, not one of these high-toned snobs went into the war. No, they stayed in Boston and criticized that first and greatest American, Abraham Lincoln, one of the best and ablest

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statesmen who has ever lived in any country or at any period.

The second-named diplomat in my list was a true Yankee—in one respect, but not in the best respect. He always looked out for the main chance. I do not think there is a politician of this century who has thrived so well in office as has this distinguished historian and diplomat. He was always in office, and always in a lucrative office. His retirement was voluntary, but it was at a very advanced age, and after he had acquired a very snug fortune—acquired in an honest way, I have no doubt; but still while in office.

The next minister on our list was the son of one President and the grandson of another. I have no special fault to find with this gentleman's conduct as our Minister to England during the war. His services were respectable enough, but by no means so brilliant as some people would have us believe. It was after his return to America from this post that he, too, showed his narrow New England mind in not being able to appreciate the character of Lincoln. This, in itself, is enough to damn any American. Still he and his presidential ancestors represent some of the best qualities of New

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England life and character, which is now fast degenerating into empty pretence on the one hand, and snobbery on the other.

The Puritans were strong characters, and so were many of their descendants—Emerson, for example. But it has been a long time (excepting Emerson always) since any man of them has done or said anything of first-rate importance. The war destroyed for ever the prestige of New England. Since 1861 the guiding star of the Republic has moved steadily westward, and will move westward. Let the East study the life and character of Lincoln, and the West the life and writings of Emerson, and all will go well with both sections—with all sections, indeed—of the American Republic. These two men are the true representative Americans of this century. Their names stand for the typical national life and character of this country; they represent, under varying forms and circumstances, the New World with its new life, its new hopes, and its new order and method of saying and doing and living.

But these two great Americans, Lincoln and Emerson, not only stand for the same national life and thought: they also have a striking resemblance to each other in face and figure, and

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in many purely personal traits ; and, if we mistake not, this has been seldom seen or remarked. In wit and humor, in originality, in clearness of perception, in cheerfulness and simplicity, these men constantly suggest one another ; but especially are they alike—almost identical, indeed—in their self-command, in their splendid *aplomb*.

Neither of them could be hurried or bullied into anything. They possessed a boundless patience, which kept them cheerful under all sorts of pressure, from within and without—from friends as well as enemies.

Lincoln would not suffer the anti-slavery agitators to force his hand in the slightest degree, but took his own time, and when he was ready, or, in fitter words, when he knew the nation was ready, he issued his Emancipation proclamation, and when he did so the country was prepared to act.

Emerson always held on to his own individuality, and never suffered himself to be run away with, either by anti-slavery or temperance societies or by Brook Farm lunatics. Lincoln stands for the rough, honest, strong, good sense and mental sanity of the West ; Emerson stands, in the fullest and highest sense, for the sanity of

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the East. They were both radical, in the true sense ; they both went to the root of the matter ; and neither of them could be diverted from his purpose nor hurried on to his object by the clamor and noise of impatient, albeit earnest, agitators.

Lincoln is America's hero statesman ; Emerson is America's hero thinker and writer. Read and study and know these two American citizens, ye people of Europe, and then you will be able to form some judgment of the simplicity and beauty, the strength and grandeur, of the true, the genuine, New World character. And let me say that Americans who do not know and reverence and love these two men, are not worthy their great inheritance, and have no right to the noblest of all titles, that of American citizen.

But my subject compels me to turn away from great statesmen and great thinkers to pseudo-diplomats and *littérateurs* ; from Lincoln and Emerson to the Motleys and the Lowells and such, of whom America has always had enough and to spare. I do not doubt, nor would I underrate, the very high wit and superior intellectual ability of these literary gentlemen. They play the literary game with

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great skill, with marvellous cleverness, and with most uncommon success. They never say the wrong thing ; in fact, they always say the right thing, and in the right form. They know their business thoroughly well. They have studied their craft, and their workmanship is well nigh perfect in technique. We admire it, but that is all ; we can never love it.

The "Dutch Republic" is a most readable book ; it contains many apt and brilliant observations, with just enough philosophical padding to give it proper body and weight. It deserves to rank high as historical literature ; but that is all. There is something wanting to make it a truly great work—and that something is sincerity. One cannot feel that this historical essay came from the heart of a sincere Republican. The case for the Republic is put remarkably well—too well I think—but it is put by the hand of a European *littérateur*, and does not come from the heart of an American citizen. But let that pass, and with it all offence.

Mr. Motley's remarkable literary success was a great surprise to his Boston associates. He was thought by his friends to have a very handsome, but a rather empty, head. He did



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not belong to a literary family, nor was he a member of the literary set, and what business had he to write books? It is true, he had taken his degree at Harvard and studied in Germany; but that was the usual thing for Bostonians to do, and caused no remark.

When he made his first effort as an author the literary Bostonians laughed and said, "the idea of a Motley being intellectual!" and even after his very notable book appeared some of his friends at the Hub had their suspicions about his being the real author, and intimated that as his wife belonged to a literary family she probably wrote the history. But the new-comer held his own with the best of his townsmen, and now stands admittedly in the front rank of American and English men of letters.

This distinguished writer was sent to London as American minister soon after the War, in which, by the way, he had taken no part. Here was his great chance. Here he had the opportunity of showing to England and the Old World a sample of the true republican character, about which he had written so eloquently. But no; instead of taking advantage of this chance to illustrate democratic principles, he wasted his time in cultivating

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the English nobility and in apologizing for the shortcomings of his vulgar countrymen.

He had the air of one who would say, "I am very sorry that I represent such a crude nation, but, 'gentlemen of the Old World,' I am sure you will understand and appreciate my awkward position. I know, of course, you are all right, and we are all wrong, but what am I to do? I must pretend, of course, to believe the contrary, but you must not take me seriously." And these European gentlemen did not take him seriously, but indulged and humored him to the top of his bent; still, he was perhaps the most conspicuous foreign resident in London, and one of the most accomplished. His close personal friendship with Prince Bismarck was very creditable to him, in many ways, and added enormously to his influence in London—but not as American minister.

The fact is, Mr. Motley considered himself, and was considered by Europeans, to be of much more importance than his office. He was courted by people of the highest rank and reputation, and his receptions were the most brilliant, perhaps, ever given in London. The grand way in which he received his illustrious guests and placed them at table—calling each

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by his appropriate title, and seating each in his or her proper place, and strictly according to their relative ranks—was remarkable. This was the sort of thing, then, that Mr. Motley prized above all other duties and honors.

At heart, this American representative loved always and best the European game; and, now that he had a fine chance to play it, he did so in a very superb manner, and apparently with great success—certainly with great distinction. The few Americans who were permitted to approach this exalted personage gave the most glowing accounts of his splendor and glory.

He shone—so they said—above all other diplomats, and above all ranks and titles, at the Court of St. James. But his secret love would out. In spite of his protestations, his affection for his native land was doubted, and this bright particular star suddenly set to rise no more. It was a plain, blunt soldier who did it, and the wail which went up from “Americans in Europe” was long and loud and piteous. They said, “The idea of a man like Grant removing a gentleman like Mr. Motley!” It was nothing short of a national disgrace. “That is the way with these ignorant and vulgar men who rule our country; if they do

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happen to get a distinguished gentleman like Mr. Motley to take a European post, they will not let him stay."

So remarked these Americans in Europe; and the coarseness of General Grant, and the low political condition of the American nation, were the general topics of discussion among these patriots.

It seemed at first a very improper thing that the author of an essay entitled "Condescension in Foreigners" should be sent to represent the American Republic at the British Court; for, of all cultivated men of Boston, this gentleman had been the most severe critic upon what he called the bullying and patronizing airs of John Bull and his family.

I expected to hear a protest raised in England and America against the indelicacy—not to use a stronger word—of such an appointment. But not a bit of it; the English knew their man much better than I knew him. They knew also that literary men should seldom or never be taken seriously—especially this man. They remembered their own Dickens, their own Bulwer Lytton, their own Ruskin, and their own Carlyle—writers who sometimes denounced before the public the things they loved in private.

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They—the hard-headed, practical Britons—remembered these things, and welcomed this distinguished American man of letters as American minister with the most unfeigned cordiality. He was their man, and they knew it, and their confidence was fully rewarded. But had he not written, “I think we are cleaner, morally and physically, than the English?” Oh, yes, but in a Pickwickian sense.

Had he not said, “Nothing is more hateful to God and men than a second-rate Englishman?” I admit that too, but there are no second-rate Englishmen, except in a merely abstract sense. But how is the following to be explained? “Though there is no thoughtful man in America who would not consider a war with England the greatest of calamities, yet the feeling towards her here is very far from being cordial, *whatever our Minister may say in the effusion which comes after ample dining.*” Was not this something very like a threat? Well, yes, it might perhaps be so considered if it came from a coarse man like Lincoln or Grant; but coming as it did from a highly cultivated and refined literary gentleman, it meant nothing but “copy.” Just so, all of the very witty, very clever, and very humorous things this literary

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statesman had written were well known in London—much better known, I imagine, than in America—and far better appreciated for their true literary worth. That they had any serious political meaning was never thought of for one moment in Great Britain.

The new American minister was, therefore, accepted for what he was—viz., a man of remarkable literary ability. In that character it was, and that character only, that Mr. Lowell soon became one of the social lions of London. No function or ceremonial was complete without the American Minister. He was equally in demand, and equally at home, in all circles; and he was, I think, unanimously considered to be the best after-dinner speaker in England.

But then he had taught us not to put too much faith in what our "Minister may say in the effusion which comes after ample dining." The brilliant social success of Mr. Lowell recalled to Americans in London the glories of the Motley period, and they were happy once more. The special happiness of a certain American newspaper correspondent knew no bounds, and the minister and the journalist became the closest friends.

Mr. Lowell, like his fellow-townsmen, Mr.

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Motley, was much above his office, to say nothing of his party. That he was a greater man than the President of the United States, went in London without saying. I remember once asking him something about President Garfield; and I remember also his calm, dignified, superior air when he replied, "I have no personal acquaintance with the gentleman." How much these words expressed! Of course, the President knew Mr. Lowell, else how could he have placed him at such an important post? That Mr. Lowell should know the President was a very different matter.

This great man condescended now and then to be seen by his country-people visiting Europe, but he gave them all to understand that his mission was to the English Court and the English aristocracy, and that he was not to be annoyed by the American democracy. He made it a rule of office to see two, and only two, classes of Americans—the highly cultivated American gentleman and the unlettered hind, or simple American farmer. The hoard of vulgarians included between these two extremes he would have naught to do with.

But was this distinguished gentleman and

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man of letters a diplomat? Ask Mr. Gladstone or the Marquis of Salisbury the question; but do not be surprised if a sly and roguish wink should be their only mode of reply. Yet this minister was really liked in England by all classes, from Her Gracious Majesty the Queen down to the radicals of Birmingham; and his removal was more regretted than that of any foreign minister or ambassador during the present reign; and I believe the Queen said as much to the minister himself.

This most distinguished of men remained true to his party, so long as his party remained in power and he in office; but when the party suffered defeat he suddenly remembered his previous *rôle* as a reformer, and at once declared that the Republican party—the party that had sent him as minister to Spain and to England—was corrupt and no longer worthy his support, which he immediately transferred to the Democrats. I am not now speaking of the comparative merits of the two parties, but simply wish to call attention to this great man's great political purity.

I am sorry to say that since this was written Mr. Lowell has passed away, deeply regretted by all true lovers of good literature. I see no



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reason, however, to change one word of what I have said. In almost every notice of his life and writings which has appeared in the English press since his death, it has been said that Mr. Lowell was "an Englishman who happened to be born in America."

The author of the "Biglow Papers" was a very hard man to follow, and no one but a New Englander could have been equal to this most embarrassing situation. So another New Englander was brought forward; and was found by the English to be almost, if not quite, as able to play their game as his distinguished predecessor. He followed indeed so closely in the lines of Mr. Lowell as to make any special notice of his diplomatic career in London highly superfluous.

This gentleman had been a professor, or something, at home, unknown beyond the college walls; but the moment it transpired that he had "caught on" to the English nobility, he became a great personage in New York and Boston, and all the little editors of all the big journals struggled with each other to be the first to get this new man's name upon their title page, in the list of distinguished contributors. These editors dangled large checks be-

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fore this minister's eyes, and he proved not to be above the allurements of these editorial offers; so, following in the wake of another great man, he wrote in a very lofty, and, truth to say, very wordy manner, upon the virtue of keeping silence—or, to be more precise, "The Age of Words."

In this paper the ex-minister,—who had acquired what reputation he possessed as a speaker, — showed beyond any reasonable doubt that the most eloquent men of the world were the men who said nothing. Now a certain man of letters, who has a realistic and very American mind, and who edited a certain department in a certain magazine, took umbrage at the noisy and rather personally offensive way in which this silent ex-minister talked; and believing that this mighty man had his eye fixed on his own dear, loquacious countrymen, he—the editor—"went for" that ex-minister in a manner that recalled most vividly the little contest between Bill Nye and the heathen Chinee. And when the editor had finished with the ex-minister, I have little doubt that His Excellency was convinced of the truth of his own gospel of silence, and wished in his great heart that he had practised

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what he preached,—never, by the way, an easy thing to do.

These ministers, whilst not very interesting in themselves, may, perhaps, serve us as stepping-stones to higher things. And first amongst these higher things is “G. W. S.,” American journalist to the Court of St. James. Ministers may come, and ministers may go, but G. W. S. stays on forever—or, if not forever, unaffected, at least, by the chances and changes of American political life. This distinguished “Norfolk squire” and journalist is also a New Englander by birth. He was educated at Yale College, where he was known as a boating man. He began life as a war correspondent and gained undoubted distinction in that field.

Soon after the close of the American War he went to England, and has stayed there ever since as the correspondent of one of the foremost American daily journals. His success in English society has been phenomenal. On arriving in England he joined one of the best and most respectable clubs, avoided all Radicals and such, and has never been seen in any but the best company and in the best houses. He now and then sees an American, but his general

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rule is to deny himself to all his countrymen, except a select few, of whom the American Minister is usually one.

You will have observed, if you are a reader of the journal to which this gentleman contributes, that he frequently dates his letters—not exactly as Macaulay did, from Windsor Castle, but at least from some of the most famous country houses in England and Scotland. He was very kind to Minister Lowell, and vouched for Mr. Phelps to the English aristocracy. He is of course a Conservative in English politics—all Americans in England are—but makes an honest effort, so I think, to give impartial reports of both parties. He was for some time a professed admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and not only lent that aged statesman the aid of the powerful initial letters “G. W. S.,” but encouraged him with his individual presence in one or two Midlothian campaigns; dating his letters, in fact, from Dalmeny Park, and other great country houses, where the member for Midlothian was a guest. But since Mr. Gladstone’s “Home Rule craze” this distinguished journalist has ceased to encourage him by his presence or his pen, and has left him entirely to his own devices.

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There is also a well-known ex-American editor in London society ; or at least there was, until a very "uncommon" breach of promise case in the law courts outraged his unsullied mind, disturbed his literary quiet, and sent him back to his native land in search of an individual—sometime secretary, it is believed, to this innocent man of letters. Let us hope that the true identity of this peccant individual may be clearly established ere long. This ex-editor—I do not mean "the individual"—of a democratic journal came to London not only with very pure aims and reputation, but with an open mind also ; and it was not long after he had been received by the aristocracy before he saw the error of his democratic ways.

After his political conversion he was soon mustered into the army of Tory penmen, and has written two very able Conservative books ; one on the Irish question, and the other on the failure of the French Republic. This gentleman had edited an unsuccessful party paper in New York, and when that party came into power, he hurried from London to Washington, to demand the post of Minister to England, as the reward of his editorial failures. Not obtaining this prize, he took up his pen—

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which he used with great skill—and stuck it straight into the body (politic) of the American Secretary of State. He has now, I believe, given up all political ambition. The great wrong which “the individual” cited sought to do this gentleman, appears all the more cruel when we remember that the aforesaid editor began public life as a minister of religion, and is justly entitled to the prefix of “reverend” before his name, if he cared to claim this honorary title.

It is not my purpose to mention all, or nearly all, of American writers in London: Mr. Henry James and Mr. Bret Harte are there, as everybody knows. Mr. James, to my mind, as critic and novelist, is the finest literary artist of the English language of this generation; but he has ceased to be, if he ever was, a true interpreter of American life and character. Mr. Bret Harte, on the other hand, in spite of his long residence in Europe, is still the most typical of all American writers, and is far and away the most original, and the most powerful, living writer of fiction that I know anything about.

I may just mention in passing, that it was an American journalist who discovered and re-

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ported the "Bulgarian atrocities;" and was thus the real author, if not the immediate cause, of the Russo-Turkish war. It is also true that the three American journalists, Mac-Gahan, Grant, and Millet, were the only war correspondents who kept the field from the beginning to the close of the Russo-Turkish war.

#### SOME DISTINGUISHED ENGLISHMEN WHO WERE AMERICANS.

I wonder how many English people know that they owe two of their most glorious institutions to Americans in London? The "Royal Society," and the "Royal Academy," were both founded by Americans; but I very much doubt if there are one hundred of Her Gracious Majesty's subjects who are aware of these rather curious facts.

The Royal Society was founded by the American traitor, known in history as Count Rumford; and the Royal Academy was established by Benjamin West, of Pennsylvania.

Another rather distinguished American was the late Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, son of the eminent Boston painter Copley, whose

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pictures are to be seen in the National Gallery. I could mention others, but these will serve.

John Bull has a quiet way of appropriating, or rather of absorbing, what suits him, without so much as "by your leave." He might at least give American quotation-marks now and then. It would be quite impossible to convince the British public that "Home, sweet Home" was written by anybody but a Britisher. I have made one or two attempts to persuade them to the contrary, but in vain. Let me state the facts once more, as a last desperate effort. John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, sweet Home," was an American by birth, education, and residence; but I believe it is true that he was in London, and was sighing for his American home, when he wrote this "British Air," as it is now called. The English approve of this song, and that of course settles its nationality.

The English are good enough to like Longfellow, and, strange as it may seem, not one in ten—I think I should be justified in saying ten thousand—knew at the time of his death, or at least chose to believe, that he was an American. That he lived at Cambridge, some of them had heard; and, of course, there can be but one Cambridge. But if you should succeed in con-



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vincing some uncommonly intelligent Britisher that certain distinguished Englishmen were really Americans, he calmly turns upon you with the crushing rejoinder, that "all Americans, of such and such times and places, were really English, you know." They will tell you, without the slightest suspicion of a joke, that the American War of Independence was fought by Englishmen on both sides. Hence such a thing as the defeat of the British was impossible. Quite so; but according to this British manner of reasoning there is no such nation as America, and there are no such people as Americans. Against which conclusion I modestly protest, on behalf of about sixty-five millions of people. But passing from the remote to the present time, I am sure I shall shock a large number of British subjects when I say that at this moment—I mean the moment of writing—there are at least three Yankees in the House of Commons. Think of that, now!

In the present art world of London there are to be found such American names as Whistler, Sargent, Boughton, Millet, and Abbey; whilst Cambridge University (England) has, or had, an American professor; and we all know that the late Mr. Lowell was offered a chair at Ox-

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ford. But Mr. Whistler deserves and shall have a special notice in these pages. And first of all let me say, in the most entire and emphatic way, that he is "our James," and not "your James," Mr. John Bull.

If there is an American in Europe who has not suffered contamination from the effete civilization of the Old World, that American is James Whistler. Now whatever bad thing Mr. Whistler may be, one thing he is not, viz., a fool. Everybody will grant this, I presume, without debate. British barristers were not long in finding this out, and somewhat to their confusion. He has his five senses well trained, and always at command; and behind these mere physical organs lies the keen perception, and the practical judgment, of as "cute" a Brother Jonathan as the present generation affords.

Success, immediate tangible success, is sweet to all of us. We all wish to reap with our own hands the rewards of this present, actual, carnal world. Very well, Mr. Whistler is not perhaps an exception to his fellow-mortals in this respect. He wished to succeed in his art, and cast about him for the most promising field and the most promising means of

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success ; and he shrewdly hit upon England and the English people. He saw that to succeed in London was to succeed everywhere ; and he saw also that the English public is the easiest of all publics to handle, if one goes about it in the right way. Hence, Mr. James Whistler settled in London. But—and of this “but” please take special notice—he did not try to transform himself into a Britisher. This particular Brother Jonathan was wide awake, with his wits all about him, and he read the signs of the times, did our James ; and he saw that these signs clearly pointed to America as the coming nation ; and the Americans as the coming race. So he held on to himself, *i.e.*, to his nationality. Not only this, but he held on to all the pronounced and peculiar traits of the genuine American character.

He preserved, with care and affection, the twanging accents of his Puritan ancestors ; exaggerated, in fact, everything that bespoke the true Yankee. His sense of values, or it may have been his feeling of patriotism, enabled him to see that nothing was to be won but much to be lost, by any attempt to suppress, or disguise in any way, his American birth and character.

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I know of but one instance in which Mr. Whistler's nationality was a disadvantage to him. This was in the celebrated case of "Whistler *v.* Ruskin." Had the plaintiff in that case been a British subject, I feel quite sure that substantial damages would have been given him against the vulgar abuse and libellous language of the British Saint Ruskin. But it is very hard for a British judge or jury to deliberately take money out of an English pocket and put it into a Yankee's. "These Yankees have enough and to spare," so the British judge and jury apparently reason.

Of Mr. Whistler's peculiar ways and tricks of drawing the public, I know little, and have less to say. That he drew and is drawing the British public most successfully, we all know. But one thing I wish to remark. Beneath all this novel show and outward seeming—posing, if you prefer—there stands a man who is a genuine artist in every muscle and fibre, in every thought and feeling, of his being; a man who could not do an unartistic thing if he tried. I therefore place Mr. James Whistler, painter, on my list of Americans in Europe who are somebodies.

I promised to say something more about a

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certain great dame who has removed her court from Paris to London. But I find that I have really little more to communicate, except to state that this lady gives a dinner now and then to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

There have always been a few Americans in London on business bent. The late Mr. John Bright used to say that whenever, or wherever, he met an American, he, Mr. Bright, always asked him what patent-right he had to sell? But the day of patent-rights has passed; and the day of mines as well; and I very much doubt if Brother Jonathan ever got many pounds sterling out of John Bull's pockets on either of these accounts. The business methods of the two countries have little or nothing in common; and it has always been a very difficult thing for an American to sell anything in London, from a mine to a mouse-trap. John Bull has a strong dislike to Brother Jonathan's business ways—Americans can talk each other into almost anything; they can talk an Englishman out of almost anything. The more an American talks of his wares, the less the Englishman believes in them. Englishmen are not good talkers themselves, and naturally mistrust those who are.

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More than this, they hate people who have the gift of the gab.

I know a man who came to London with a mine to sell. He was provided with everything necessary to prove the value of his property. He had specimens of ore; certificates of assayers—English as well as Americans; testimonials to his own character and financial standing, etc. After remaining six months in London he succeeded in getting a city man to listen to him; but not in business hours. The American was invited to dine with the Englishman at his home, and after dinner he had a good opportunity of setting forth the great value of his silver mine. His host listened for more than an hour to what he had to say, without a single remark.

Some weeks after this, the American had a note from this man asking him to call at his office in the city. This seemed encouraging, and he was promptly on hand at the appointed hour. The Englishman was the first to speak this time, and he began by saying: "Come now, have you really any mine at all?" The Yankee was speechless. After all his talk; after all his printed and written documentary evidence, which the Briton had thoroughly ex-

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amined; after all he himself had vouched for as a well-known New York financier; after six months of patient waiting; the question paralyzed him. But there sat the city man with his cold blue eyes fixed upon the Yankee without the slightest suspicion that he had said a rude thing, or asked an unreasonable question. The American got up, put on his hat, buttoned up his coat very deliberately, and, in turning to depart, said, "You can go to h——, sir, for an answer to your d——d British insolence!" That sold the mine. For the American had one, and a good one too.

This is the only *bond fide* sale of an American mine by an American that has taken place in London for many a day. American mines in London are generally controlled by English sharpers known as "promoters," who understand perfectly the art of "doing" their confiding country-people. The celebrated mine associated with the name of a certain American Minister to London, and into which many innocent Britons dropped many pounds sterling, was wholly an English enterprise, owned and managed by city men, or a city man. The mine itself, as sold by the honest American vendor, was all it had been represented to be;

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but these London "promoters" found that it was more profitable to sell the stock than to work the mine. This somewhat unusual method of doing business did not prove entirely satisfactory to the general body of stockholders, and it was in time abandoned. The fame, or the infamy, as the case may be, of the mine in question should properly attach to the titled London promoter, and not to the untitled American vendor. But it is hard for the English mind to appreciate the real merits of this rather mixed transaction; and the result has been to weaken the confidence of the British public in American mines and methods.

There are one or two other things which have not helped American credit in London. I refer to the American exchanges, reading-rooms, and American agencies, which have thriven for a time upon the innocence of the American tourist, and have then suddenly departed this life, leaving no wreck behind, in the shape of assets. From such examples of American men of business, and from the very dubious sort of American bankers who have haunted Charing Cross and vicinity, at one time under the patronage and presidency of a most potent, grave, and reverend American



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Senator; from such object lessons, I say, in American business methods, in London, the stupid English have come to reckon all Yankee dealings, and have decided to keep clear of them.

At this point I shall give a free tip to my beloved country-people who visit the English metropolis. During your sojourn in London, it is just as well to deprive yourself of the business services of your compatriots who reside in England. What you have to purchase, purchase from honest John Bull, without any cards or notes of introduction from anybody; especially from your own people. These things are always very expensive; they mean at least ten per cent. added to your bill.

One other suggestion. Because you have to pay big prices in New York, do not therefore conclude that you can get the same things for nothing in London. English shopkeepers have to live—or at least think they ought to be given a chance of life—as well as the New York merchant. I have often wondered how it is that an American will meekly endure all sorts of impositions and extortions in his own country, but explodes with indignation and rage if he is asked to pay two shillings for a drive in London,

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which would cost him two dollars in New York. There is one more observation or query I should like to make ; why is it that Americans always travel first-class in the United States and on the Atlantic steamers, but in Europe generally take second or third class ?

### *THE ANGLO-AMERICANS.*

There are a few Americans who seem to divide their time about equally between the two countries. The most prominent member of this class is a certain well-known Anglo-Scotch American who seems to be altogether too large for either Continent ; and can only get sufficient scope for his mighty genius and his great charities by taking England and Scotland into his care and keeping, as well as the rather biggish American Republic.

This gentleman divides his time, and his millions, about equally between Great Britain and the United States ; and the advantage of this course, considered merely as an advertisement, is enormous. In order that there might be no mistake about the advertisement, he bought up at one time in England a half dozen or so provincial papers, and at least one metro-

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politan evening journal. The latter he placed in the safe and canny hands of a fellow-Scot, and it was confidently believed that by the careful editing of these multitudinous journals, their owner might be able to take a seat in the House of Commons, and lend his distinguished support to the "Grand Old Man," and his grand new schemes. But upon second thought, this Parliamentary *coup* was not made; and why? Because it would have shown, in the outward seeming at least, a partiality for Great Britain, as against the United States; a preference for the English Parliament over the United States Congress.

This was not, however, true, as the millionaire's object in entering Parliament was not personal or selfish, in any respect. His motive in seeking a Parliamentary career was obviously of the highest and purest sort; nothing less, in fact, than the Americanizing of the whole British realm. But he was persuaded by Mr. Gladstone, and others, that he could better accomplish his great revolution by remaining out of party politics; and they also convinced him that his millions and his pen were mightier than his tongue. And so he has remained out of Parliament, and out of office, and has em-

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ployed his pen—or somebody's pen—in writing "Triumphant Democracy," a work which shattered, at once and forever, the frail monarchical structures of the Old World. This book, together with his very extensive philanthropic schemes, were all the advertisement required, and rendered his English journals a superfluous expense. They were therefore disposed of, and at a profit.

This great magnate is now occupied for the most part in writing to the daily press and monthly magazines concerning the great responsibility of his exalted position. He knows—no one knows better than he—that the principle of not letting your left hand know what your right hand doeth, is wholly impracticable in this age of keen competition.

### *AMERICAN ACTORS AND SINGERS IN LONDON.*

It was a long time before the American actor and actress were at all acceptable in London—Sothorn and Jefferson were exceptions, and were always greatly admired. Lawrence Barrett was a failure; and Edwin Booth nearly so. Booth was very much admired, when he acted with Irving in 1881; but when he returned the

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next year and tried the public on his own account, he hardly paid expenses, if indeed he did that.

Miss Mary Anderson was almost the first American actress who achieved an unqualified success in England. Since then the "Daly Company" has completely conquered the British public, and is by far the best "Comedy Company" speaking the English language.

On the other hand, American singers and fiddlers, and even whistlers, have had little trouble in reaching the English ear, and winning the English heart. Patti, Albani, Minnie Hauk, Nordica, Antoinette Sterling, and Mrs. Osgood are Americans, and are all much admired by the British public. Nettie Carpenter drew her first bow to a London audience; and she has drawn the English public ever since. And are not the notes of the great American whistler still ringing in the ears of London Society?

### XIII.

#### PENSIONS.

##### AS MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

A HISTORY of *pensions* on the continent of Europe would make interesting reading. I do not mean to write it, but will give a few brief sketches, which the future historian may possibly find of some help. And, first of all, it is just as well to say that by *pensions* I do not mean boarding-schools for girls or boys, but boarding-houses for all sorts and conditions of men and women, especially women.

These institutions are almost invariably kept by people who have seen "better days." In fact, it not infrequently happens that the hostess of a *pension* is the widow of a nobleman or a "distinguished diplomat." If such distinction is not openly avowed in the advertisement, one frequently hears mysterious hints that Madame, Signora, or Frau, as the case may be, could a tale unfold of proud family titles

## PENSIONS.

worn by a long line of distinguished ancestors. But, alas ! present circumstances would render such titles inappropriate. There remain, however, one or two old portraits emblazoned with arms and decorations, which may be seen hanging about in rather conspicuous places, and concerning which it is expected that the guests will ask no direct questions, but tacitly accept them as family heir-looms. No *pension* is properly furnished without some such evidence of past greatness.

There are shops called "Art Rooms" in Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, Florence, and other centres of fashion, which make a specialty of furnishing portraits of ancestors for "noblemen" and *pension* keepers. These shops keep a curious variety of goods, and one can get a count or a general, a bishop or a judge, for the very reasonable sum of fifty francs, a little less than ten dollars. I have seen a gallant colonel covered with "decorations" maintaining the ancestral honor of a "count" and two *pensions*.

I lived for some months just opposite one of these "Art Rooms," otherwise heir-loom manufactories, and dropped in now and then to have a look around. The proprietor was a good-

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natured little man, and talked very freely about his business. He said, among other things, that the sale of "episcopal" relations had fallen off very greatly since His Holiness, the Pope, suffered the loss of his temporal power, and that the "military" heir-loom has been the fashion since the unification of Italy.

He told me that a few years ago he had a sudden and very unexpected "run," as we should say, for several months on "feudal barons," and was compelled to employ an additional artist and two extra models. He afterward learned that this "run" was caused by a certain novel read very much by American girls, in which the "feudal baronial" or brig-and life was set forth in the most heroic and picturesque manner, and during this exciting period the American girl would listen to no man who could not produce portraits of feudal baronial ancestors.

Our conversation generally took place with a counter between us, but one bright morning I found my friend the art dealer in a very communicative and confidential mood, and I ventured to ask if I might see "the studio." The amiable little man looked at me for a moment with a merry twinkle in his eye, and replied :



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"Signore, you would know my secret. You would penetrate my mystery. Very well then, so you shall; for I have sold several copies of the old masters through your kindness." (I wish here to explain that these "Art Rooms" always have copies of the old masters for sale, and this shop usually had some very good copies, which my friends sometimes carried home with them.)

On entering the studio the "ancestral" wardrobe was the first object of interest. This wardrobe contained a full episcopal habit, the complete antique uniform of a colonel and a general; the court dress of the different ranks of nobility, and the robes of the superior judicial orders.

"But where," I asked, "do you get the models for all these grand personages?"

"There he is," said the jolly little Italian, and looking round I saw a man sitting, like a statue, in full court dress.

"There he is," repeated my genial friend, "or rather there they are, for this man is the colonel and the general, the bishop and the judge, the count and the baron, or anything you please."

An artist, with paint-brush in hand, now

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made his appearance around a wing of the studio, and with a bow, said:

“And now, Signore, what would you prefer your great grandfather to have been—a general, a baron, a bishop, or a judge? You have only to say the word, and the thing is done.”

The artist had overheard our conversation, and with the quickness of the Italian had taken in the situation and was disposed to have his joke. But these little by-paths tempt one from the main track of one's subject.

There are a few *pension* keepers who make no claim to title or other badges of distinction, but, strange to say, depend upon the good qualities of their board and lodgings, together with the high character of their patrons, for testimonials. George Eliot lived for many years in a *pension*, where some of the most distinguished men of their time were now and then entertained—men like Emerson and Dr. Porter, late President of Yale University. Amongst others, Hawthorne made his residence in a *pension* when he was United States Consul to Liverpool.

There are one or two *pensions* in London, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Rome, and perhaps in some other Continental resorts, where travellers

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may go with the full assurance that they will be made not only comfortable, but will be pretty certain to meet none but respectable people. They will also be protected from all impostors.

But one needs to be very careful in selecting a *pension*—a great deal more careful than in choosing a hotel, for in a hotel one lives apart; in a *pension* one must live *en famille* with all the *pensionnaires*, inmates, boarders, or whatever you choose to call them.

I may just say in passing that “private families” who take “only a select few” are nothing more nor less than *pensions*, and, as a rule, the least desirable of them all. But why should *pensions* be regarded with suspicion? I shall try to answer this question by relating three or four true stories of *pension* life.

In Paris, not far to the south side of the *Champs Elysées*, is a *pension* kept by “the widow of a distinguished officer.” A few years ago a mother and daughter arrived at this *pension* direct from America. “The widow of the distinguished officer” inspected these ladies and their belongings very carefully, and made up her mind to be very polite to them. But she was more than polite, she was kind and solici-

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tous, willing at all times to give them directions about the city, to accompany them, in fact, on sight-seeing and shopping expeditions.

In this way it was not long before she got a peep at their letter of credit, which was, as she had at first expected, for a good round sum.

Soon after this discovery, Madame took the Americans, mother and daughter, entirely into her confidence, and revealed to them the distinguished person that she was, or rather the distinguished persons that her ancestors were. She gave them to understand also that this revelation was the very highest token of respect that she could possibly pay them, as she never had anything more to do with her guests than her position required. "But," she added, "I was drawn to you, Madame and Mademoiselle, from the first moment I saw you. You, Madame, have the unmistakable air of a *grande dame*, and the Mademoiselle is so *chic*."

She explained that many of the people whom she had known in "high life" had, of course, lost sight of her, now that she was compelled to support herself; but she still had a few good friends and true, whom misfortune could not drive away from her. These friends, of course, never met her guests, but she would be

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glad to make an exception in favor of Madame and Mademoiselle, and when some of her distinguished friends made their next visit she would be most happy to present them.

The American mother was very much flattered by this great honor, and the daughter was at least curious to see some of the real old French aristocracy. Madame, in discussing her friends, had been very liberal in the use of titles, which did not lessen the American girl's curiosity.

The first members of the French aristocracy to drop in were Monsieur le Count Chenapan, and his cousin, Madame la Baronne Déclasse.

The Madame, in presenting the Americans, mother and daughter, said that they were her dear friends, and as she felt sure they were accustomed to the best society in their own country, she did not hesitate to present them to the members of the best French society.

The Count did not seem to notice the daughter, but devoted himself entirely to the mother, whilst his cousin, the *Baronne*, devoted herself to Mademoiselle. They did not remain long; just long enough, in fact, to accomplish their purpose, which was to flatter the mother and daughter to the top of their bent.

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After they had gone, Madame gave a short sketch of each of them. The Count had been an officer in the army, but was obliged to resign on account of an affair he had with the young wife of his Colonel. So French, so very French, thought the American girl, and her interest became more keen.

"How did it all end?" she asked, in an excited manner. But Madame hesitated; she had intended to say nothing more and feared she had already violated the code of true friendship in mentioning at all the very sad romance of her friend the Count.

"Please, Madame," pleaded the American girl, and Madame, not willing to refuse the charming Mademoiselle any reasonable thing, consented and told how the gallant and impetuous young officer had eloped with the Colonel's wife, and that they lived lovingly together until her death, which occurred five years ago.

Since that time, since the sad ending of his first and only love, the Count had looked with the eye of love upon no other woman. The Madame here apologized for the Count's lack of attention to Mademoiselle.

The mother had noticed the sad expression

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of the Count, and commented favorably upon it. The Baroness had made an equally favorable impression upon the daughter, for when she was not flattering her she was giving her little glimpses of high life in the French capital. The *Baronne* was a widow, whose husband had been killed in the Tonquin War. She was almost thirty-two, somewhat made up, but withal not bad looking, and had, as Madame observed, the confident air of a woman of the world.

The Count and the *Baronne* dropped in quite often during the next two or three weeks, and it always happened when Madame and her American friends were alone. I must explain that the Count and his cousin did not come together after the first visit, so they were at liberty to praise each other behind each other's back—a very amiable thing to do.

After the second visit the Count took some little notice of the daughter, and from that time did not try to disguise his admiration, which soon ripened into an all-consuming flame of love. The mother hesitated. The daughter was not in love, but was very much dazzled by the word Countess, which her lover was constantly dangling before her eyes.

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The Count was very frank and explained that he was not a rich man. He had some estates in Southern France, but he would be honest and acknowledge that he did not have money to keep them up. For himself, he cared little or nothing for his title, his sole interest in it was for his future Countess. He could wish himself a thousand times more rich and honorable, but to support the honor of his title it would be necessary to put his estates in order. He only asked that a definite sum be settled upon him before the wedding, for that purpose. Ten thousand francs a year—two thousand dollars—would be quite enough for that purpose, and for himself he asked nothing.

Madame was very much surprised when she heard that the Count had offered himself to Mademoiselle. She thought he was a confirmed bachelor. She hesitated about giving advice on the matter, but she had an old family friend who had known her all her life ; she would call him in and get his counsel. He was a learned Judge, upon whose judgment the utmost confidence could be placed.

The Judge came and discussed the matter with Madame and the American mother, but went away without giving an opinion.



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When he came again he said that he had looked up the Count's record, and that he had found nothing against him excepting the unfortunate affair already mentioned, and but for this affair he might now be holding high rank in the army. He had allowed his estates to fall into neglect, it was true, but a few thousand francs would put them all right again, and with his Countess at his side there was no reason why he should not take the exalted place to which his rank entitled him in the aristocratic world of Paris.

Madame said that she had only thought of the happiness and social success of her dear American friends, and these things being now assured, she would not, she could not, offer any further opposition to such a "brilliant alliance." And, to do her justice, she not only did not hinder this "brilliant alliance," but did everything in her power to advance and consummate it; so the marriage took place with all the ceremonies of the Roman ritual.

It is, I am sure, quite unnecessary for me to add that the American girl did not become a French Countess, nor did she take an exalted position in Parisian society. Moreover, she never saw the Count's estates. The mother

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began an action for fraud, but it never came into court. She could prove nothing; Madame was the only witness, and she could not say that the Count had ever made any serious claims, either to titles or estates.

The Judge, whose wise advice Madame had sought, turned out to be the father of Monsieur le Count, and father and son were "*Avocats*," who picked up a living in any way they could, their only concern being to avoid a successful criminal prosecution.

*Madame la Baronne* was, of course, the Count's mistress. The *pension* was and is a matrimonial agency, and "Madame" receives commissions on all business done. And here my story ends.

## A FLORENTINE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY.

There is, or was, a *pension* in Florence, which for several years advertised a "weekly dance" as its chief attraction, and one could plainly read between the lines of this advertisement, "Handsome officers in uniform always in attendance."

Italian officers are said to be the most famous "lady-killers," perhaps I had better say "girl-

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killers," in Europe. They do their deadly work almost entirely with their eyes. They are too lazy even to talk, if they could; but the truth is they could not talk if they would. One doesn't look for marked intelligence in an officer, but they are generally supplied with a small stock of local gossip. Not so the Italian officer. He swaggers and poses and looks; and looks and poses and swaggers. These three words sum up his entire action and being. But it is enough, it serves his purpose as a "girl-killer."

In the winter of '82, or thereabouts, an American lady, with a daughter and niece, took up her residence in the "weekly dancing" *pension*. These people were from a small New England town and had seen little or nothing of the world, so that these weekly dances with the gold-laced uniforms were to them very brilliant social functions. The girls were of a susceptible age and temperament, and it was not long before they were both sorely smitten. The daughter was too young to think of matrimony, but the niece was of age, an orphan, and her own mistress.

This fact was soon known among the officers, and they looked and swaggered accordingly. It was not long before one of the handsom-

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est of them was noticed to pay special court to the niece.

Now it was well known in Florence that this particular officer was looking about for an American girl with a *dot*. He had nothing, of course. He not only had no money, but he had no family. That is to say, he was not a gentleman, even in the European sense of that misused word. The affair had advanced to a critical stage before the Aunt seemed to be aware that the flirtation had become a serious matter. She then made arrangements for an immediate departure from Florence, hoping that a change of scene would bring about a change of heart.

The niece made no complaint, but on the day before the time fixed for the departure she disappeared from the *pension* and was married to the handsome officer. She was of age, her own mistress, and what was done could not be undone. Her Aunt returned to America without her niece. This is the romance.

The tragedy is now to follow. This man was too lazy even for the life of a soldier in time of peace, and, as soon as he got complete control of his wife's property, he left the army and became a *café* lounge. The property his wife

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brought him would seem very small to an American, but it was a fortune to an Italian; enough, in fact, to keep this officer's father and mother and two or three brothers and sisters in idleness.

After a certain sum had been settled on himself, he placed the rest in his mother's hands, and his wife had to take her share with the other members of the family, and to receive her portion from the hands of the mother-in-law. She soon had to leave Florence for a home in the country, a few miles from Pisa, and the sorrowful life this New England girl lived in this strange land, and among these strange people, can be imagined only by those who have seen the hard and dreary life that the Italian farmer lives.

The house was situated at the base of Mont Pisano, a verdureless range of mountains, and there was nothing without or within it to relieve the bareness or break the chilliness of the cold graystones, of which all Italian houses are made.

Fires were unknown; carpets there were none. When it was warm enough the family sat outdoors. When it was not, they sat in-doors around a large *scaldino*.

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Think what such a life must have been to this New England girl, accustomed to a cheerful carpeted house, with roaring hearth-fires! The poor wife's husband lived in Florence and was seldom with her. She was thus left all alone with these people, with whom she had nothing in common. Only with the greatest difficulty could she understand what they said to her, and any efforts to carry on a conversation was almost useless. She got on very little better with her husband. His reading was confined to a special column of the daily paper, and as to general information, he had none.

One may get some idea of his intelligence when I say—I am telling a true story, remember—that he was stationed for three or four years in Florence, and during all that time it never occurred to him to visit the “Uffizi” or “Pitti” Galleries.

The mother and other members of the husband's family, who lived on his wife's money, looked upon her as a curiosity, and did not trouble themselves either to please or displease her. Of course, the poor creature could not stand this sort of life very long, and in less than two years after her romantic marriage she sickened and died of a broken heart. A

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few months before her death, an old friend of her mother's visited her, and persuaded her husband to let his wife try a change of air. She was taken to Switzerland and breathed out her sad, short life in Geneva, where her grave is now to be seen, with both her American and her Italian name inscribed in full upon her tombstone.

There is a *pension* in Rome which also advertises weekly dances, and where the same sort of romance and tragedy, as above set forth, may occur, and doubtlessly has occurred. If these *pension* keepers have sons, brothers, nephews, or cousins, they are always brought to the front and given the first chance and the best chance. This sort of thing is a universal custom of *pension* keepers all over Europe.

Let me relate a case in point, concerning which I speak with full knowledge of all the facts. There is a good *pension* in one of the most beautiful Italian cities, kept by two or three sisters with two or three nephews. The nephews have absolutely no means of support, and no kind of position in the social world.

This *pension* is patronized by a very good class of English people, who generally stay for

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the season. Once a week there is given "*une soirée musicale*," which generally ends with a dance. The nephews are put into evening dress and always placed *en evidence*. They have the good looks and pleasant manners which seem to be the natural inheritance of all Italians, and have very little trouble in making themselves acceptable to fair English maidens.

Two years ago, one of these nephews married an Australian lady, with the snug little income of three thousand dollars a year, and the gentleman may now be seen driving in the park with the airs of a duke. This Australian lady has a sister married to another penniless and positionless Italian, whom she met at the same *pension*.

I have personal knowledge of scores of such marriages, in all parts of Europe, brought about in *pensions*, and generally, almost invariably, with the connivance—not to use a stronger word—of the *pension* keeper.

Five years ago, a very intimate friend of mine was travelling in Sicily, and when at Taormina made the acquaintance, in a *Hotel Pension*, of two English ladies of high social position. One of these ladies confided to him the information that her friend—and cousin, I believe—was en-



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gaged to be married to a Sicilian doctor, who was a resident of Taormina.

She asked my friend, whose age and position justified her confidence, to advise her what to do. Her cousin was no longer young, and her personal charms were not such as to warrant a belief that the doctor was acting solely from the sentiment of pure love. The lady had a large fortune entirely within her own control, and was it not possible that this might account, to some extent at least, for the Sicilian's attachment?

My friend thought it might. But he was a man of the world, knew something about woman-kind, and was cautious in giving advice. One thing, however, he ventured to recommend, viz., that the wedding should take place in England, and that the money should be placed beyond the control of the husband. The marriage took place, but my friend's disinterested advice was not followed in either particular.

There are many instances of Italian, German, and French doctors marrying their English and American patients; but the world has little sympathy to waste on such women.

There is a certain class of *pensions* which appeal to a certain class of customers, and may be known by the designation of "free and easy."

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These are the *pensions* where flirtations of the most pronounced character are not only winked at, but openly encouraged. The best known Summer *pension* of this class that I now remember is at one of the principal resorts of Switzerland. It consists of a group of a half dozen or more houses within their own grounds, and the grounds are very pretty and picturesquely rural. From June till October these houses are always full, with about an equal number of males and females, of almost all ages.

This *pension* is a little community in itself, and possesses a dance hall and theatre of its own. There are, in fact, no pains spared for the amusement of the guests. The kind of flirtations for which this *pension* is particularly suited, and for which it is somewhat noted, seldom if ever results in marriage, but engagements lasting for the season are very common.

But if the *pension* keeper be a respectable, honest person, as is sometimes the case, one is still subject to various kinds of imposition from one's fellow-guests. Women, especially girls, are in constant danger of being imposed upon. There are numerous petty annoyances, which may not be mentioned here; but I will give one

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or two examples of the very serious nature of some of these impositions.

In the winter of 1890 there turned up in a *pension* at Nice an Englishman, who gave out that he was a medical man seeking a little change and rest. He was a very sociably disposed individual, and was soon on familiar terms with an American widow and her daughter, the latter a girl of seventeen. The doctor took frequent walks with this pretty American girl, and occasionally bought her some "sweets."

Once after partaking rather freely of the doctor's sweets, the young lady was taken with a sudden illness. The doctor was soon on hand, made a most unnecessary and indecent examination and announced that it was a rather painful illness, but that he could cure her at once, which he did by the use of some medicine which he always carried with him. He would, of course, accept no pay, and thus placed the mother and daughter under obligations to him. He soon won the confidence of the mother, and she entrusted her daughter with him, without any reservation, until she received a note from her daughter one evening simply stating that she loved the doctor and had eloped with him. The alarm was immediately given, and the

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runaways were overtaken in a day or too, when it turned out that the man was not a doctor at all. He was a husband, with a wife and several children, one of whom was actually with him at the time of the elopement.

Late in the summer of 1890 a jolly party of Americans, men and women, were spending a few weeks at a *Hotel Pension* in Geneva. One evening, when they were amusing themselves in the café, they were joined by a good-looking Englishman. This addition did not quite suit the men, but the ladies seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise. The man pleaded loneliness as an excuse for his boldness, and the ladies at once became sympathetic and were somewhat annoyed at the evident suspicions of the man by their friends.

The Englishman was included in all their excursions after this, until one day, at the races, this gentleman was suddenly taken away from the side of one of the most charming of the ladies by two police officers, with gyves upon his wrists. The handsome Englishman was a noted pickpocket and hotel thief.

## XIV.

### AMERICANS IN ROME.

ROMA! Roma! Citta Eterna!

The American colony in Rome was founded by artists — principally sculptors — of whom Crawford was the first, and easily the greatest, and will I think always remain so. Had he lived, his reputation would have overshadowed that of all other American sculptors. But one's reputation may be stolen as well as one's purse; and it is popularly believed that such an event took place in Rome upon the death of this great artist. However that may be, the theft, if theft there were, is now known, and reputations must hereafter stand upon their own legs—if they have any.

In the early days of the American colony in Rome, the distinction of any one member of the artistic circle reflected upon all the other members; and upon the death of one of their number, whatever reputation he may have acquired descended to the survivors as a national inher-

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itance. So the theft, of which I have spoken, was perhaps fictitious as regards any real guilt of purpose; and may be more properly called an inheritance—whether lawful or unlawful, I shall not take upon myself to decide.

The best—I mean the widest known—living sculptor in Rome is the hero, or one of the heroes, of Hawthorne's romance, "The Marble Faun;" or, as the English "pirate publisher" stupidly calls it, "The Transformation." The death of Crawford, and the publication of Hawthorne's story, cleared the field of all dangerous rivals, and the author of "Cleopatra" came at once to the fore as the most conspicuous American artist in Europe. Everything was in his favor, and all things seemed to point to a most distinguished career. Emerson took him up, and predicted his brilliant future. The poets Browning and Lord Houghton were his friends and patrons. He made a portrait-bust of the poetess, Mrs. Barrett Browning, and through these names the English public was soon won.

The sculptor, in himself and family, apart from his art, was a person of consequence. His father was one of the most eminent judges in America. The son has substituted "Justice"

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for "Judge," in conformity to English usage. The son had taken a university degree, something very uncommon in the art world. He was also educated in the law, and had actually written an able book upon one branch of this subject, before he became a sculptor. He was, and is, a brilliant conversationalist, a man of letters, and a poet.

But—oh, the cruelty of these "buts!"—he has not fulfilled the great promise of his beginnings, nor the prophecies of his friends and patrons. He has tried to do everything, and he has done what he tried to do with more or less distinction, but not with first-rate ability. "*Cleopatra*," which was almost his first, is perhaps his best work. He is very clever and remarkably versatile, but he is not a great sculptor.

Had he given himself completely to Art or to Literature, he might have won a great name in either. And had he remained an American in character and sympathy, he would, I think, have succeeded in acquiring greater fame, and a much greater fortune. As it is, however, what with his art and his pen, he has done very well indeed as regards the things that perish. His *salon*—or rather his wife's—is one

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of the largest and most brilliant of all the American *salons* in Rome. This gentleman is another of those "Americans in Europe" who can see nothing great or good in Lincoln or Grant. His constant attitude towards his native land is that of a fault-finder; and the man who can see nothing to praise and everything to condemn in the land that gave him birth is not, as we all know, the most delectable creature on the face of the earth. Had this distinguished man been made United States Minister to Italy, it is just possible that he would now look with a kindlier eye upon his benighted country.

Of this sculptor's contemporaries, "Rogers" and "Ives" are the oldest. These men have worked long, and worked well, if we may trust public judgment. Of the younger sculptors Reinhart was the most brilliant; but he died before he achieved any very notable work. Simmons, the younger Story, and Ezekiel, are all more or less clever. The younger Story has a very rare conception of the beautiful, and has good powers of expression. Simmons works hard and conscientiously, and does some good things. It has been said that the Jews could not, if they would, break the second com-



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mandment ; for the reason that they have never been able to make to themselves any graven image. That there have been very few workers in clay amongst the seed of Israel is true. Mr. Ezekiel is therefore an exception—but not much of a one. He has done one or two artistic things ; but his art, like himself, is too theatrical.

There is, or rather was, an American lady sculptor in Rome. Her reputation went up like a rocket and has come down in the proverbial manner,—that is, if we place reliance on what one hears from this lady's dear friends in Rome. At any rate, I believe there is no mistake about the report that she has abandoned Art for some patent-right mechanical money-making contrivance. *Sic transit gloria !*

## AMERICAN PAINTERS IN ROME.

There are very few American painters left in Rome. Mr. Terry, the oldest if not the best, has ceased to be fashionable ; but he could give the younger men of the newer schools many a valuable tip, if they had the modesty and good sense to consult him. He inherited Crawford's widow, as the sculptor inherited his reputation ; and this beautiful inheritance has

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been to him a constant source of peace and joy; greater and more glorious, I should say, than the thing called reputation could have brought to him. Haseltine has a good eye for color. Vedder, like Whistler, is peculiar, but an artist all the same.

The late W. A. Shade was little known in the American colony, but his friends and admirers place him high in the Art world.

### *AMERICAN MINISTERS TO ROME.*

The first American Minister to United Italy was a scholar and a gentleman; and this is about the best thing that can be said of anybody. Mr. Marsh was very acceptable to the Italian Court, and, I believe, could almost be called an intimate friend of the royal family. But he did not furnish much amusement for the American colony, and it was glad to get rid of him. He was followed by a many times millionaire, and then the fun began. It began, strange to say, over a mere matter of etiquette, and in which only Americans were involved. It may seem odd, perhaps, that these simple democratic people should be disturbed by such matters. Such, however, was the fact.

It came about in this way. It is the duty of

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all diplomats accredited to the king to pay their respects first to the royal family, and then to all the members of the official, or immediate Court circle. This the new Minister did in due form and order. Now, amongst the members of the inner Court circle is an American lady who wears, with rare dignity and grace, the mask of Princess. This Princess is very lovely, and stands very near Her Majesty the Queen, in person as well as in position. The Minister, of course, called upon the lady and her husband. But it so happened that the Princess lived with her American mother, and in her mother's palace ; and the Minister knew, none better than he, these domestic facts. Yet, notwithstanding this knowledge, in calling upon the Prince and Princess, he left no card or other token of his respect for his compatriots and townspeople, the father and mother of the Princess.

And now we shall see what a great matter a little fire kindleth. There was hurrying to and fro in the American colony ; and fear and anxiety were written on almost every face. What was to be done to prevent an open rupture between an American millionaire and an American Princess ? It was a tragical

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case. Who could take sides against a millionaire? Who could take sides against a Princess? But it had to be done; and for a while it seemed that this simple democratic colony would be rent asunder by the tremendous question as to whether the American Minister had left the proper number of cards at a certain address. There was some talk of submitting the matter to the authorities at Washington. But better counsels prevailed, and the colony at last decided almost unanimously that "whereas the Minister is a very rich man, lives in a great palace, and possesses the disposition, as well as the unbounded means, for generous hospitality; therefore we, the members of the American colony in Rome, decide that the aforesaid Minister did, at the time and place (palace) in question, deliver the proper number of pasteboards (with his name and title thereon); no less and no more than the exigencies of the case required."

This resolution was brought about, as I understand, by the action of the American rector, who is, at all times, a conspicuous figure in Rome. It was a very delicate and embarrassing duty for this gentleman to perform, as both the Princess and the Minister

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were members of his flock. A less brave and independent character would doubtless have elected to keep out of the dispute; claiming that the functions of his office were spiritual, and did not oblige him to settle questions of court etiquette. But the Minister did not remain wholly inactive in his own defence. He referred the matter to the Italian State Department in an elaborate letter, written in excellent French, and by his own Ministerial hand. The Italian Government, as is the merry nature of the race, laughed loud and long over this letter; but refused to act as umpire in settling the social disputes of the American colony in Rome. Like everything else in this world, the social tempest at last blew itself out. There were some wounds left, however, that have not quite healed to this day; but they are not of a very painful nature.

The millionaire Minister has returned long since to Gotham, but the Princess and her mother remain in the Eternal City, while the bold rector was for some time rather cruelly neglected by these quondam supporters of his church. This breach is, however, now, to all appearance, healed. The Princess and her

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husband visited America in the year 1878; so also did the rector. And did not the rector remain in America a month or more, in order to accompany the princely party to Rome? And did he not devote himself exclusively to the Princess on board the steamer, taking complete charge of her wraps and things?

#### THE JEFFERSONIAN MINISTER.

The next American Minister to Rome seemed to be all that the Democratic mind could wish for, but, oddly enough, he did not rejoice the heart of the American colony. He began with Jeffersonian simplicity. He took a very modest apartment in a back street, and performed the duties, both of host and servant, in a most democratic fashion; and when he took his drives abroad, he did not scorn a box seat by the side of the Roman jehu. This Minister was consistent, carried his severe simplicity into all matters, and seemed disposed to create a general revolution against social etiquette—the very thing his predecessor worshipped! But he didn't; nor did he Americanize to any extent the Eternal City.

There are various ways in which Americans in Rome try to explain the failure of this

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worthy man with worthy motives. First of all, they said that he was not an American at all, but a German emigrant. They also said that when he was presented to Her Majesty the Queen, he addressed Her Royal Highness in German. This surprised and annoyed the Queen, who replied in most excellent English, saying that she preferred to speak to the American Minister in English, if he did not choose to speak her own language. But this ex-German, ex-priest, and ex-judge, with his German birth and education, and his American citizenship, aspired to represent both America and Germany, and ended by representing neither, and offending both. The German colony was at first delighted with the idea of having two representatives in Rome; and it took up the American Minister with great haste and enthusiasm—and put him down again with equal fervor and despatch.

It happened in this way. A German club, or something of that sort, gave the American Minister a reception, at which he made a long speech. In the first half of his speech he glorified Germany, and belittled America. In the second half he belittled Germany,

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and glorified America, and wound up with the most unqualified praise of himself and his opinions. This gentleman had the rarest gift of saying the wrong thing to the wrong person I ever knew. He would manage, in five minutes' time, in a company of all nationalities, to say something displeasing to everybody present. He says all these disagreeable things in what he, no doubt, considers a spirit of pleasantry ; but his wit and humor are not always appreciated. He talks incessantly, without rhyme or reason—one story following another without any interval, all of which have but one theme—the speaker.

In all seriousness, I do not believe that a man less fitted for such a post could be found in the wide territory of the American Republic. It was not only a colossal mistake in the United States Government to send such a man to occupy such a post, but it was also a cruel shame to expose so good and so learned a man to the ridicule of his inferiors ; for he was superior in real character and learning to all his diplomatic colleagues, as well as to his German and American compatriots—who snubbed him so unmercifully. Moreover, he was, and is, a kind, generous-hearted man



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who loves America as truly as any one of us. He is also a learned man, and has written some books which give evidence of an ample scholarship. I know of no one to whom I would sooner appeal for help and charity, were I in need of them, than to this same ex-Minister to Rome. Many of the stories told about him were utterly false, and I think I can fairly say all of them were exaggerated. Take, for example, the story of

### *"THE DINNER AND THE PRIEST."*

The story goes that, at a dinner party given in his honor, the Minister and his daughter abruptly left the table and the house upon the entrance of a certain Vatican ecclesiastic. The truth, in brief, is, that the American Minister accepted an invitation to dine with an American lady, in the most informal and quiet way, and with the special and distinct understanding that he was to meet no representative of the faction unfriendly to the Italian Government. This precaution and respect he thought due to the Court to which he was accredited, and to which, as yet, he had not been presented. But the lady was determined to make as much social capital out of the

### *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

new Minister as possible ; and she, therefore, invited several prominent persons—Americans and Italians—to meet the American Minister.

On arriving at the house, the Minister was met in the lobby by his hostess and by a well-known American banker, who lives in Rome, and was informed that a very conspicuous Vatican dignitary and anti-royalist had unexpectedly turned up, and was at that moment in the drawing-room. The Minister declined to meet the priest, and returned to his home without having entered either drawing-room or dining-room. This showed, I grant, rather scant consideration for the lady who gave the dinner ; but the Minister was, perhaps, right. The Americans in Rome remained in sackcloth and ashes during this gentleman's term of office ; for they had not only to endure the blunders of the Minister, but the worse than blunders of the Secretary of Legation, who was everything that he should not, and nothing that he should, have been. To make bad worse, the Minister and the Secretary quarrelled, and became the most violent and open enemies, taking every opportunity of annoying and discrediting each

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other. Thus things were altogether in a pretty pickle. What special and enduring advantage the United States Government derived from these two diplomats, I have not been able to discern.

### THE LATE MINISTER IN ROME.

The late American Minister to Rome was not a linguist, and makes no claim to the character of a diplomat, but his secretary was able and willing to supply these deficiencies. This particular secretary is "decidedly some pumpkins," if you please. He was educated "abroad," speaks English with a French accent—so his lady admirers observe with great delight—and is altogether "too awfully swell." As a social grandee he will run the Secretary of Legation in London a close race for the first place. And, just here, I wish to remark, and my language shall be plain, that of all the pretentious empty-headed noodles this old round world has ever known, commend me to the "secretaries" and "attachés" who are pinned on to the social skirts of the Embassies and Legations at European capitals. I have never seen one who made the slightest approach to being a man. I am

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quite willing to admit that this small diplomatic fly always draws me.

And now, having vented my spleen upon these harmless insects, I return to the American Minister at Rome in a calmer and, I trust, more judicial frame of mind. Ex-Governor Porter of Indiana is a good type of an unpretentious American gentleman. He showed conspicuous ability in his own State, and in the United States, for that matter, as a lawyer and politician of the best class, and was one of the most effective platform orators during a late Presidential campaign. He is a gentleman of the old school; very cordial and very genial, but very dignified; and not, by any means, the sort of man that you would think of patting on the back or punching familiarly in the ribs.

But all the good qualities of this genuine American were hidden under the diplomatic bushel. How such a man could accept such a post, I cannot imagine. I am told that he might have exchanged it whenever he liked for the position of Senator. If this be true, I feel sure that the place that once knew him will know him no more. He was for several years the partner-in-law of an ex-President; and it is just possible, from what I heard, that the ex-

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President preferred to have his old friend and partner beyond the reach of conventions and such things. Governor Porter was much liked in Rome, and I heard nothing but good of him and his amiable daughter.

### TITLED AMERICANS IN ROME.

Of the titled Americans in Rome I have said something, and now have something more to say. The Princess, around whom the "card war" waged so furiously, is, in her own and proper person, one of the most amiable and justly popular ladies in the Eternal City. She is an only daughter of a wealthy New Yorker, and was brought, when very young, to Europe by her parents. She was pretty, had a decidedly nice "dot," and her parents had the pick and choice of not a few of the French and Italian titles. They chose, however, to reside in Italy, and thought it more convenient to purchase a title on the spot. But they drew the line at the Vatican, and refused, point blank, to consider Papal titles or to have any dealings whatever in that market.

These wise parents saw—what few Americans have sense enough to see—that the Vatican titled wares are at a decided discount, and

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must in time altogether disappear from the market. In other and plainer words, these practical American parents saw clearly that the Papacy was a thing of the past, and they would have none of it. Italian unity, on the other hand, they saw to be a thing of the present, and of the future, and, as I believe, or at least hope, a very brilliant future.

These level-headed Americans kept their wits about them, and saw, and read, and pondered the signs of the times. They, therefore, determined to ally themselves and their house with the King and progressive Italy, rather than with the Pope and the moribund R. C. Hierarchy. They fixed upon a Neapolitan prince, and he has turned out to be a very nice fellow indeed, and is almost, if not quite, as amiable and popular as his wife. They have lived, and are living, a peaceful and happy life under the roof of the American mother. Two children have been born to them. The eldest, a son, is a soldier. The daughter has her mother's beautiful color, and her father's dark eyes, and is just now

“ Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet.”

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The Prince has, or had, an elder brother, who gave the American parents some uneasiness concerning the validity of their daughter's title of Princess. This elder brother married, and with hardly sufficient means to support his princely station. He therefore agreed, for a substantial consideration, to resign in favor of his younger brother. This was arranged, and the marriage took place. But after the marriage, this noble-minded prince thought to squeeze another hundred thousand dollars or so out of the Americans by resuming, or seeking to resume, his princely character and title. But the Americans were not to be "done" in that unprincely fashion. They showed fight, and took the matter into the law courts. In the meantime, however, the King conferred high rank upon his Neapolitan favorite, which perfectly satisfied the democratic American parents, and they were happy once more. It is a pleasure to have to relate, that, in the course of time, the Italian Courts decided that the abdication of the elder brother in favor of the younger was legal and final; so that there are now titles enough and to spare in this democratic family.

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### THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

Next to the New York princess, in rank and royal favor, stands a New York countess. This lady's husband is first chamberlain, I believe, to His Royal Highness, the King; in other words, the Master of Royal Ceremonies. This Count has a very handsome person, as becomes a man of his position; is very popular, very good-natured, and very fond of the ladies. The last mentioned amiable trait of character gets the upper hand now and then of the gallant Count, but of the Countess never; and she is always able to pull up her too impetuous husband, when she thinks it necessary to take the reins in her own cool hands.

The Countess is said to be unlike her compatriots, in one respect at least. She thinks more of American money than of European titles. The great friendship which a late American banker, in London, had for this lady was known to all. She has recently taken up an American lady—a very wealthy lady, so they say—whose dollars aid her in the entertainment of the impecunious Roman aristocracy. However this may be, I am quite certain that



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this very good looking, and very clever, Southern lady gets more fun for her money than any other person in Rome.

### A LOVER OF TITLES.

Next to the possession of titles comes the love of titles, and of this large class the wife of the American sculptor is, by far, the most distinguished. Many and curious are the stories related which illustrate this lady's faithful worship of "My Lords" temporal. But she has the quick and well-trained eye of a genuine connoisseur, and does not waste her time or tea on *pseudo*-French, German, and Italian titles. She infinitely prefers the English brand of nobility to any other in the market, and confines her dealings almost exclusively to that variety.

She knows that the English title can be easily verified, and generally stands for some real distinction, of both wealth and station; and she knows, as well, on the other hand, that a continental title, even if genuine, which one can never be certain of, has come to signify, is the equivalent term, in fact, for a penniless French, German, or Italian adventurer. Again, the value of an English title is heightened by

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the fact that it is kept well in hand, and is not allowed to spread itself over a whole generation of people, with the most attenuated ties of consanguinity.

In England the nephew or grandson of a Duke is usually Mr.; whilst the nephew or grandson of a continental Duke is a "Prince," if you please; and all the cousins, to the hundredth or thousandth degree, are Marquises, or Counts, or what you like. Nine-tenths of the continental "brands" which my fair countrywomen purchase—and at good prices, too—are spurious, and the other tenth worthless.

If the rich American girl must have a title and "won't be happy till she gets it," I recommend her to deal almost exclusively in the British market. The British handle to names comes a bit high, I know; but it is undoubtedly a much superior article, and well worth the difference in price—I speak of the title, and not of the man who goes with it; for the latter, not infrequently, is as inferior an article as is to be found anywhere on this planet.

But to go back to the lady lover of titles. Whilst she does not object to undoubted Italian titles, she prefers to cultivate the English variety, and has done so with very great suc-

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cess. During the last twenty-five years there have been few Lords and Ladies who have visited the Eternal City without having been seen in this lady's *salon*. She sometimes makes mistakes—who does not?—surrounded, as this lady is, by all degrees of titles is it any wonder that she should get them mixed now and then, or make little slips, such as addressing an English Royal Princess as “my dear Marchioness.” This American lady, like her distinguished husband, the sculptor, is not partial to her own country people, unless, perchance, they are very rich, with money to spend on works of the sculptor's art.

At a reception once given by the American Minister, Mr. Marsh, to General Grant, the wife of the American sculptor was the only lady who did not rise on the entrance of General and Mrs. Grant; and of this conduct she boasted afterward. But let us consider this incident for one moment. Who was General Grant? A private American citizen, received by all the nations of the world with more honor, perhaps, than any person had ever been received in the history of the world. And who was the lady who made herself so conspicuous by her rudeness? A woman whose mind was evidently too

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full of "My Lords" and "My Ladies" to enable her to recognize a supremely great man. We can only pity and forgive.

This grand dame's only daughter married an Italian, strange to say, without a title, but with a most illustrious Tuscan name. This gentleman belongs to the Court circle; is in great favor with the king, and could, if he would, be made a Count or something for the mere asking. But he has too much sense to cover up a good and honorable name under the dubious outward badge of nobility. For this real Italian gentleman knows that, in these days, such things as titles of nobility are decidedly below par, whilst a truly good name is always at a premium.

There are a number of other titled American ladies in Rome, but I now call to mind no one of special interest, save, perhaps, a certain Marchesa, who has the proud and exceptional distinction of winning her title by her personal charms, and without the aid of the almighty dollar. This beautiful and most amiable lady was very ill for a year or more, and her friends despaired of her life; but she is now, I am happy to say, restored to health. The daughter of the Silver Queen, who bought her way into an old

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Italian family of very high rank, is not very conspicuous, for some reason or other, in Roman society.

I had almost forgotten to mention the New York princess, whose ancestors on her mother's side were honest tobacco merchants, but who has, unfortunately, as I think, allied herself with a family made famous, or infamous, as you please, by the semi-mythical story of "Beatrice Cenci."

### THE BALTIMORE LADY.

During the season of '89-'90 a certain Baltimore lady arrived in Rome with a daughter and a purse. She was taken up at once by the American Countess who values dollars above titles, and in an amazingly short time the Baltimore lady had "painted the town red." This lady is good-looking, bright, and very rich, and, let us hope, that having had her Roman fling, she will now shake the dust of the Eternal City, with its eternal adventures, from off her golden slippers, and return with her daughter to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But it has been whispered recently that this lady's only remaining daughter thinks of entering the Roman Catholic

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Church. I believe the report to be false. Rome has also the great honor of being the place of residence of the only American who has ever married a British lady of title. But this title, I hear, is causing some heart-burnings, for the European courts will not recognize a title of nobility in the wife of an American citizen. This is a truly sad state of things, but I think I can assure my conspicuous compatriot that he has the profound sympathy of the whole American nation.

### THE HOLY ROMAN FEVER.

There is a disease in Rome almost, if not quite, as fatal to American women as the title-complaint, viz., the "Holy Roman Fever." The title-complaint, for the most part, attacks the young, the pretty, and the rich, whilst the Holy Roman Fever attacks all sorts and conditions of women—seldom, if ever, men. The American man may be inferior, as everybody says he is, to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts; in the languages, in art, in general culture and that; but he is seldom, if ever, an unmitigated, hopeless fool, and can't be drawn by the old and faded properties of the Vatican comedy.

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This thing was "played out" long ago, and he has native gumption enough to see and fully understand that historical fact. He will, to be sure, go about with his impressionable female relatives and witness the "lovely services." He will procure tickets of his bankers to see His Holiness. He will go to see the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; the true cradle of the Christ; the chains which bound St. Peter when he was in Rome (if he were ever in Rome). He can see what is to be seen and hear what is to be heard; but, however he may be exposed to the damp and the mould of fraudulent relics, and to the altogether sickly atmosphere of the Holy Church and her Holy Priests, he seldom catches the Holy Roman Fever; and he leaves with a feeling of great relief, heartily glad to get away from the Eternal City, with its everlasting fraud and falsehood, trickery and corruption, which established, and tries to perpetuate, the Roman Church.

After being in Rome for a winter, and having visited the places which "Hare" and the rest of the old ladies rave about, one almost feels one's self a party to these silly frauds. But look at the Vatican, with its divine claims of infallibility, and then at Rome and Italy; at the

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moral and spiritual results of a thousand years and more of this infallibility ; and you will be convinced. And if by chance, during your visit to Rome and Florence, you have read Benvenuto Cellini, Machiavelli, or any other book giving an honest account of such beauties as Alexander VI., Clement VII., Paul III.—I take this batch of worthies as they happen to stand together—if, I say, in addition to your own observation and your own American gumption, you should read a little true history, then you will not only turn away from Rome with contempt, but with, it may be, a burning indignation at the emptiness of her pretence and the foulness of her real character—that is, if you think it worth the trouble to treat it seriously.

I am, of course, speaking to men of sense. Now, women (bless them !) only see things in spots and patches, and they seldom look beneath the surface, being quite content with the outward show, whatever it may pretend to be. They either have not the power or the disposition to connect things according to their natural and vital relations. They are said to be without the faculty of ratiocination ; and then—and this to their very great credit—they are certainly more credulous than their brothers,



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especially in matters of sentiment. But there is such a thing as a false sentiment, is there not? And the sentiment which goes out to false relics, false history, and false holiness, is not the highest expression, either of the poetical or of the spiritual life.

### A CERTAIN NOTABLE AMERICAN AUTHOR.

But there have been one or two male victims of this Holy Roman Fever in the American colony, and a celebrated American-Italian author is perhaps the most notable one. He was born in Rome, and is the son, as we all know, of an eminent American sculptor. Our author was educated in Rome, America, England, and Germany, and has picked up a good deal of information of one sort or another, as his numerous books give evidence. That he has never studied anything profoundly, or thought seriously on any great subject, his books give equal testimony. One thing may be said, however, without qualification—he is an exceptionally clever linguist.

The story of this novelist's reputation and brilliant career is perhaps worth telling. He had been given all the educational advantages that the four above-mentioned nations could

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furnish him, and at the age of thirty years, or thereabout, he found himself without money, without a profession, or even an occupation. His mother had lost her fortune, or the greater part of it, and was unable to support any longer her "white elephant," as she called her handsome and athletic son. He was thus forced to seek employment, and the future author worked for a while as clerk in the office of the United States Consulate in Rome. I have even heard it said that he thought at one time of enlisting as a common soldier. However this may be, his unusual knowledge of languages suggested to him at last the profession of a teacher, and a teacher he decided to be. He bought a Sanskrit Grammar and spent one summer in its study among the Alban Mountains.

Having mastered his subject, he determined to go to America and seek a professorship. Before this time, however, he had been to India as the editor or assistant editor of a weekly English journal, and it was in India that he met the individual who furnished him the material of his chief story. On his way to America he told the story to his uncle—the famous Uncle Sam—who knew this world as well as the next one, and saw at once that his handsome

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nephew had something to say that the world would be glad to hear. On reaching New York, he (the uncle) compelled the nephew to sit down at once and write out the story just as he had told it. This was done in two or three weeks, and our author awoke one fine morning to find himself famous.

But how did he happen to get the Holy Roman Fever? Well, this is not the least strange incident in the rather strange history of this popular writer. It sometimes happens, so the doctors say, that one may contract a fever which will remain undeveloped in the system for weeks and months, and it may be years, and then suddenly break out, at a time and in a place where and when it is least suspected. This was true in our author's case. He had been born in Rome, and had been exposed from infancy to the foul atmosphere of this disease of the mind, but had never suffered a day's illness, so far as was known, until he went to India; and it was there, strange to say, that he succumbed to the complaint, which doubtless had been in his system for years without any of his friends ever suspecting it. He has sense enough to see the absurdity of the thing now, and he never could have been overcome by this

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disorder had he remained in Rome, face to face with the fraud and corruption of the Holy Roman Church. The words "fraud" and "corruption" are, I believe, interpolations upon the original text; but they do not, I think, very seriously misrepresent the state of this gentleman's real mind. He has, however, stuck to his guns with a great deal of heroism, and tries, in a fictitious way, to bolster up what Macaulay termed "an old and august superstition."

He says, or has said, so much about the Church and her priests in his books as to awaken in some minds a suspicion of his pen being subsidized. But this is wholly groundless. He is simply trying to write himself into a belief of something wholly unbelievable, and, methinks, he protests too much to be sincere. Some of his books have been rather heavily handicapped by that sort of thing, and the sooner he realizes this fact the better for his reputation and the sale of his books. For an author who tries to belittle Garibaldi and the work he did, and to glorify Cardinal Antonelli, is surely parti-colored and wholly out of joint with the times, and discounts enormously his own judgment and common sense. Our author tells

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some very good stories ; he knows something about Italian life and character ; but his air of exclusive knowledge on these subjects causes him to make many an awkward blunder.

### THE MAN WITH THE LIBRARY.

There is another American of the male gender who has also succumbed to the religious malaria of Rome. This is the man with the library, who lives in an old palace near the Vatican. This gentleman is of New England birth ; was educated at Harvard, and brought up in the faith—if faith it may be called—of the Unitarian sect. He started out in life as a New York lawyer, but his marriage with a rich Philadelphia widow relieved him from the drudgery of a professional life and set his pen free to follow the leadings of the “muse.” But the muse has not been always kind, and has led this poet’s pen through some very dry and barren fields. But the true glory of this man is to be found in his library. There he sits—or used to sit—surrounded by the greatest number of the best bound volumes to be seen in any private library in Rome, and the library room is as splendid as the books and their bindings.

### *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

The poet has himself a magisterial air and manner well becoming his library. His palace and his library are both the material and the spiritual outposts of the Vatican; the last stages in the journey from Christianity to Paganism—I mean, Romanism. The mere sight of this great man, seated in his spacious library, is quite enough to do the business for most of his impressionable countrywomen. But if anything else should be needed, the flutter of a Monsignore's petticoat, or the splendor of a Cardinal's cap, one or other of which is always in attendance, ends the matter; and the big toe of His Holiness is adoringly kissed as a token of the absolute surrender—of a fool to a fraud. By fraud I mean, of course, the infallible pretensions of the Pontiff, and not his personal character.

Now and then, however, the game escapes their wily snares. For example, a very short time since two travellers arrived at this outpost seeking rest. They were priests of the English Catholic Church; but called themselves Cowley Brothers, or Fathers. The one was Father Rivington, the other Father Maturin. Father Rivington found what he sought and passed on to the Vatican. But Father Maturin was not sat-

### *AMERICANS IN ROME.*

isfied and turned him back again to the beggarly elements of the English Church.

This was a sore disappointment both to the man in his library and the Pope in the Vatican ; for I happen to know that they counted so surely upon this victim that they arranged an apartment, not only for his temporary lodgment in the palace of the poet, but for his residence in the Vatican. But whilst the poet and his wife—both of whom had forsaken the faith of their fathers—were spending their time and their substance in trying to persuade others to follow their examples ; whilst, I say, these perverts were hobnobbing with Vatican priests and giving themselves up to making converts to the Holy Roman Church, they neglected to provide, so it seems, spiritual or even moral food for those of their own, and especially for her of their own household ; and must now eat in shame and sorrow the bitter fruit of their own folly. I pity them, but I cannot spare them, for their sad case points a moral which I would have my beloved country people know and ponder.

## *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

### THE AMERICAN WIDOW AND SON.

I do not just now remember any other notable male converts in the American colony. Of the numerous American women who have forsaken the faith of their fathers, I shall have little to say. I cannot pass from this subject, however, without an observation or two concerning a lady convert who is somewhat prominent in the social life of Rome. This lady is of New England birth, and, like the man with the library, was brought up on the rather thin gruel of Unitarianism. She visited Rome and caught the "holy fever" early in life. At her marriage, however, with a rich American widower, she recanted and returned to the Protestant fold, but not to her Unitarian gruel. Her husband was a member of the Astor family and an author of some merit. On his death he left his property to his widow, in custody for his only son, with the solemn pledge from his wife—so I am told—that she would remain a Protestant and bring their son up in that faith. But immediately on the death of the father the widow had the son baptized into the Holy Roman Church, and he has now some honorary posi-



## AMERICANS IN ROME.

tion in the Vatican, being attached, I believe, to the Pope's household, in some way or other. The lady's *salon* is always full of priests, monsignores, cardinals, etc., some of whom do not bear very savory reputations. This lady once had a violent quarrel with one of these holy men, but I believe it is all made up now. Said a man of the world to me the other day: "I never hear of an American or English woman going over to Rome without wondering what naughty thing she has been up to, or intends to be up to." Exactly so. I cannot conceive how it is possible for any strong-minded, earnest-hearted person to change his or her religion, whatever it may be.

Conversions from one christian church to another christian church are not pretty things to behold. There may be some cases in which they are pardonable. For example, where an American woman buys a European title, it is but proper, I suppose, that she should take the religious "creed" that goes with it. And, as a matter of fact, it is not often that an American woman will suffer a mere question of religion to stand in the way of a title, or that a European fortune-hunter will allow it to interpose between himself and the American dollar. Now

### *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

and then, however, such matters do intrude themselves, and I remember at least one case of this kind. In the winter of '88-'89 a very rich American family visited Rome, with an only child, a daughter, who was sole heir to at least five millions of dollars. The parents were acquainted with nobody in Rome; but their wealth and their pretty daughter soon made them known, and the fortune-hunters were on hand in great abundance.

Amongst this numerous class was a certain notorious man about town, whose father and elder brother were papal princes. Well, this so-called prince had just played for the hand of a Washington heiress, of his own religious communion, and had lost. But there was game still worth two or three of the other. Here was youth (the child was but sixteen), beauty, and a fortune three or four times as large as the lost prize. The American family had been in Rome just long enough for the story of their great wealth to reach the eager sons of every noble Roman beggar, when this prince in question gave out that he had fallen madly in love with an unknown American girl, and only wanted a chance to throw his princely person (with his princely debts) at her feet. Now,

## AMERICANS IN ROME.

strange to say, it turned out that this unknown beauty was the well-known heiress. What a cruel fate! The prince was so sad and disappointed; for as he had just failed in the hot chase of one American heiress, how could he turn so quickly to the pursuit of another? His case was hopeless. He would be accused of seeking her fortune, and not her heart, which of course was far from his thoughts. He therefore determined to suffer in silence. But one day whilst in the company of a well-known American author, the prince grew confidential, and unburdened his woe to this Roman-American. But our author, having a more sanguine temperament, was not so sure of the hopelessness of the prince's love; he counselled him to take heart, and promised that he, the author, would see what could be done. For had he not solved worse difficulties than this in his books?

Not many days afterward, all Rome knew the "romance" of the proud prince and his hopeless love; and this sad and pathetic story checked, for a time let us hope, the wild gaiety of frivolous Rome. The parents of the heiress heard it; the heiress herself heard it, and it made of course a deep impression upon this

### *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

democratic family. But apart from the question of money, which could not even be thought of in connection with so simple-minded and true-hearted a prince, there was, to the mother, at least, the very serious question of religion.

The mother of the heiress was a Presbyterian ; she knew nothing of the Roman Catholic Church, but had heard that the priests during certain ceremonies eat babies ; and she could not therefore under any circumstances give her daughter in marriage to a member of that Church. Several members of the American colony—not unwilling to oblige a prince—used all their persuasive powers to change the mind of the obdurate mother. The American rector, for a wonder, did not know the prince, and was therefore opposed to the match. The prince hearing of this opposition, paid a visit to this distinguished gentleman, and all opposition from that quarter was silenced. The child herself, in spite of all the indecent noise about the affair and the unseemly notoriety which it forced upon her, was not seriously smitten with, truth to say, the rather plain person of the prince. But hearing such a commotion made around and about herself and a prince, she was naturally flattered, and

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might have consented to sacrifice her youth to a man more than twice her age, and her innocence to a notorious rake. The father was open to conviction, but the mother was not. After the excitement had lasted for several weeks, it was thought that a change of air would be good for the young girl, who was not in robust health. The mother and daughter were invited by the aforementioned author to visit him in his beautiful home at Sorrento; and, strange to relate, the prince "happened" to pay a visit to our author at the same time. A curious coincidence, was it not? Yet, in spite of all this trickery and wire-pulling, the wedding did not come off. The mother's prejudices against the baby-eating priests, and the child's indifference, could not be overcome.

After leaving Rome the family visited Germany—the father's native land—and the daughter was there betrothed to a German prince. But the poor child never recovered from the Roman fever, and died in Paris in the month of June, 1889. The body was taken to America for interment, and the Roman prince had the good sense, or it may have been the good heart, to accompany the sorrowful parents to their home, and was present at the funeral. He thus played

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the *rôle* of true lover to the end. It is said that the American author positively insisted upon the prince taking this trip to America, in order that he, the author, might be justified of the world. But how people do talk !

### A RECENT EVENT—MATRIMONIAL.

For several years a certain Scandinavian, with one or two noble titles—given him by the Pope—had been hanging about the skirts of the American colony in Rome on the look-out for an heiress. A knowing man was this same Scandinavian ; and among the many things that he knew was the fact that rich American fathers do not always give large “dots” to their pretty daughters. He therefore decided to take no chances with prospective heiresses, if he could secure a wife who was in actual possession. He waited patiently and long, and his wisdom and perseverance were at last justified. In the flowery month of May (1891) he was united in holy matrimony to a New York lady with at least fifteen thousand dollars a year. This sum, it is true, is not “so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door,” but ’tis enough ; it will serve the immediate necessities

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of this penniless papal count. The merit of this snug little sum is its actuality ; its freedom from all restraints of father or mother—or aunt. The fact that the wife is a few years older than the husband does not signify ; for it was a genuine love affair—so the senior lady of the American colony certifies ; and this good soul, knowing the facts, did all in her power to bring about the union of these two happy hearts. True, the man was a papist and the maid was a Protestant, but this kind-hearted lady—herself a Protestant,—was not so bigoted as to withhold her motherly aid and advice to this motherless countrywoman in a strange land. So the American lady became a Holy Roman but a few days before she became a papal countess. The kindly services of this well-known lady have been rather severely criticised by some unsympathetic persons, who say that she would have better shown her kindness to her countrywoman by making some careful inquiries concerning the character of the man who sought the hand of this orphan-heiress. The bride belongs to a good family ; her brother married a daughter of a certain American bishop. If she is wise enough to hold fast to her purse-strings, she may not have

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to ask charity from her relations for some time to come.

There are, I am glad to say, a few Americans in Rome whose manner of life is, so far as I know, wholly blameless, and of whom I have no right to speak in these pages. There are, however, a few semi-public characters that may be mentioned, I feel sure, without offence. Foremost among these is the correspondent of the *London Times*, with his beautiful Greek wife and his Greco-American daughters, who have returned to Rome after an absence of some years. And then there is an American banker in Rome, who has been there nearly half a century, and who could tell some interesting stories, I doubt not, of Americans he has known in the Eternal City.



## XV.

### FLORENCE.

OF all Italians the Tuscans are the most amiable, the most intelligent, and the least given to idolatry. The Italian language was born in Florence. The Renaissance began and ended in Florence; and it has left its mark to this day upon the Tuscan life and character. The greatest scholar, the greatest artist, and the greatest preacher of the fifteenth century were all essentially Florentine. Pico della Mirandola, Buonarroti, and Savonarola were the most conspicuous figures of the Renaissance. Florence was the centre and inspiration of that new and complex life and thought which liberated Italy from a tyrannical and vicious Papacy; and the Vatican has never regained its lost power in Tuscany.

The Tuscans are always Italians first and Catholics afterwards; and they have at last taught the lesson to all Italy. The Romans

### *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

always demanded a formula and a tyrant. The Florentines were never tolerant of either. Florence loved and followed Savonarola as its spiritual master and guide ; but when he would become its political tyrant it destroyed him. In Rome they do not ask why you are a heretic, but are you one. If you are not, it makes no difference what you do, all is well ; if you are, do what you will, there is no hope for you. In Florence such questions are never raised.

The Renaissance, from first to last, had little or no influence upon Rome. By Rome I mean, of course, Papal Rome ; it never produced a real master in Art, or Literature, or Science. She has employed some masters in art, it is true ; but they have been employed for the glory of the Papacy, and not for the enlightenment of the nation.

Rome is the graveyard of twenty centuries ; Florence is the Renaissance, the new birth, of modern Italy. Nothing strong, or healthy, or beautiful, can come out of the buried, decayed and putrid past. Graveyards can give no new inspiration, no live impulse, no healthy sentiment, to the mind and heart. If you wish to write, or paint, or think, or love, get out and away from the damp and the death, the char-

## FLORENCE.

nel-house atmosphere, of Rome. Nothing good or pure has come out of her for fifteen hundred years or more.

Go to the Catacombs if you would know what Rome means. These are the true symbols of this "*citta eterna*," an Eternal City of the Dead and not of the Living. Flee from it; and shake its dust, the dust of the Cæsars and the Popes, from off your feet, for Rome is the tomb of both. The broken and defaced emblems of the Forum and the Palaces of the Cæsars are worth a visit; but it is worse than midsummer madness to take up your residence there. Rome is only fit for the abode of rats and bats, of rooks and crows, of toads and lizards. These things are the true, the natural, inhabitants, of this city of darkness and foulness, of death and decay. Let us have done with those silly vaporings, those mawkish, sickly, ignorant sentimentalizings about this sepulchre of the dead.

Rome represents all that is bad in Italy; Florence all that is good. Florence has given to the world two of the greatest masters that ever lived—Dante, and Michael Angelo. Rome has imprisoned and tortured in all ages every great and good man she could lay her hands on; and would do so to-day if she

## *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

could, for she is still the same old mouse-trap.

These things are patent to everybody of any discrimination. But the most astounding thing is the fact that there are actually people, born in America, who are fools enough to be imposed upon by the sublime pretensions of this "Infallible Vicar of God!" I am willing to confess that I lose my temper sometimes over this subject; and it is because my countrywomen have eyes, and see not; ears, and hear not that the Papacy, like the Nobility, is a thing of the past.

Europe has quite done with both of these unclean and worn-out garments, and is laughing in her sleeve at the simple-minded Yankee's wish to robe himself—or rather herself—in the cast-off vestments of the Old World.

I have no fault to find with the Catholic Church in America, for I know perfectly well that at heart she hates Rome, as much as I do; and I believe, also, that ere long she will take the brave step of freeing herself from the doctrines of Ultramontaniam, and from all temporal allegiance to the Bishop of Rome.

Let but the Roman Catholic Church in the

## FLORENCE.

United States of America declare herself a free and independent National Church, owning no temporal or political allegiance to any power outside of the American Republic, and her influence and power in the United States will be increased at once a hundredfold. Who will be the leader in this truly Christian, as well as patriotic, movement? The bishop who shall lead his Church to such a strong position will have a greater, a more glorious, name in history than any Roman Catholic prelate since Leo the Great.

Florence has always attracted people of superior intelligence and taste. The English, the German, and the American residents in Florence have always included some people of distinction. The graves of Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Browning, Theodore Parker, and Hiram Powers are in the little Protestant cemetery at Florence. At the present time, however, there are but few foreigners of distinction residing in Florence. "Ouida" is almost the only English author of note who now has a residence there. But I must crave pardon for mentioning "Ouida," the worst of English writers, in connection with Mrs. Browning, the best of English writers.

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Artists are also growing fewer and fewer in number each year. Hiram Powers was the first American sculptor to establish himself here. This was about fifty years ago. Since his death, two of his sons carry on the business, one in Florence, the other in America. Mr. Thomas Ball is the best known living American sculptor in Florence, and is one of the best statuary, all things considered, that our country has produced. His son-in-law, Mr. Cooper, is also an artist of ability. Mr. Mead has some merit, I hear, but in his case I cannot speak from personal knowledge.

There are three or four other American statuary, among them a lady, Miss Freebourne. The oldest American painter now living in Florence is Mr. Gould. Then follow in the order of residence Mr. Craig, Miss Alexander, whom Ruskin so much admires, Mr. Turner, Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Lowring. Mr. Meeks has, I understand, exchanged the studio for the shop; and is now more of a "dealer" than a painter. I may also mention that Mr. Sargent was born in Florence.

I have said that the only Americans of importance in Florence are artists; and they are a diminishing quantity.

## *FLORENCE.*

Of course Florence is not without its

AMERICAN CONTESSA AND MARCHESA,

and these ladies doubtless consider themselves by far the most important personages in this beautiful Tuscan city. And this brings me to American society in Florence, which has always been, I am sorry to say, just a little "fishy." But let that pass. Florence society at its best, however, has always had more pretensions and less distinction than any American colony in Europe. It has few things to recommend it—not even money. Still it struggles hard, very hard, to make believe something or other.

To begin with—and not a good beginning either—the Americans who are, or think themselves, society people in Florence, will be English, or perish in the attempt. This is the common, the glorious, ambition of every man and woman—I mean every male and female—of them. I once said to a prominent (male) member of this Anglo-American colony, that I took him for an Englishman. This was a "whopper," I confess, but I had strong reasons for committing this sin, and hope I have been forgiven. It worked beautifully, for it

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won his mighty heart at once. He explained to me, however, with a very modest air, that he was not exactly an Englishman ; that his great-great-grandfather, or somebody, was ; and that he himself was quite "English, you know," in his tastes. He admired the English nation, of course above all others, and made some very impartial criticisms upon his own vulgar country people. That little white lie—as all whoppers are—procured for me many a little courtesy from this "man without a country."

There is an American church in Florence, the oldest one, I believe, on the Continent of Europe ; but of course this "gentleman" and his equally noble-minded compatriots, prefer the British church, with its prayers for the health and wealth of the Queen, and of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. There is an ex-American Minister to Greece, an ex-American Minister to Rome, an ex-professor of an American college, and several other ex-Americans of one kind and another, residing in Florence. Among these there is a fussy little man who puts "Oxon." after his name and sets up for a lawyer. But nobody takes him seriously, for he spends half of his time in trying to make people believe he



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is doing something, and the other half in trying to disguise his nationality—in which latter ambition I am sure all good Americans will pray for his success.

At the head and front of the Anglo-American social world is a most tremendous swell, who writes "Cav." before his name; keeps a carriage and a dairy, and the keys of the kingdom of Florence snobdom. That there may be no mistake as to what I mean by the word "snob," I think it wise to insert the following definitions: "A snob," says Thackeray, "is that man or woman who is always pretending to be something better, especially richer or more fashionable, than other people are." Lever defines a snob as "a fellow who wants to be taken for better or richer, or cleverer, or more influential, than he really is." This American "Cav." has a Franco-Dutch name, an English wife, and is altogether a person of the first importance—in the kingdom above mentioned.

The United States Consul in Florence (at the time of this writing) is an elderly man; a respectable man, and a decidedly handsome man; with long white hair and beard and a most dignified bearing. He is, I believe, from Pennsylvania. A change in the *personnel* of the

## AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

Consulate was long the desire of every decent American in Florence.

As I have already intimated, the Florentines bother their heads very little about "priests in petticoats." There are few Church dignitaries *en evidence* in this Tuscan city, and my fair compatriots have, therefore, for the most part, escaped the Holy Roman fever. There have really not been, so far as I know, more than a half dozen fatal cases within as many years, and in each case the holy fever has been complicated by the title-complaint.

### TITLED AMERICANS IN FLORENCE.

It would be unpardonable in me not to mention that a certain mademoiselle resident in Florence has become an honorary Contessa, and has actually entertained—at her mother's residence—a young gentleman who has lodgings at the "Palazzo Pitti," and who is known as the "Duke d'Aosto." A Miss F——, of Baltimore, I think, has been transformed into an honorary Marchesa. You will be kind enough to observe that few, very few, of our beloved compatriots get hold of first-class, or even *bona fide*, titles. In the two cases just noticed

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the honorary (?) badges are the merest shadows of the real substance.

It is, however, astonishing how much substantial glory the American girl can extract from these unsubstantial titles. For example, how often have I seen this Contessa's carriage singled out in the Cascine for special observation, admiration, and inquiry! It is very generally mistaken by strangers for a royal coach. Could anything be more glorious? An American girl taken for a royal personage! Everything about this lady's "turn-out" is most pronounced. The coachman and footman are powdered and corded and laced. But above everything else shines resplendent the symbol of the "Gheradescas," painted in uncommonly large characters upon the carriage-doors, where one cannot choose but see.

The Conte and the Contessa, I am pained to relate, have not always hit it off together after the most approved conjugal fashion. The Conte, who is a handsome man, is somewhat of a Lothario, and his promiscuous gallantry—or rather his special devotion to another—awakened at one time the green-eyed monster within the breast of his wife, which resulted in a separation. But a reunion has taken place, and let

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us hope that peace and contentment again reign within their breasts.

"The Marchesa" married into a typical patriarchal Italian family, and one which would delight the heart of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, for I feel certain that this author could get material and local color enough out of this family for half a dozen or so of "*Saracinescas*." To prevent wrong impressions, let me hasten to say that this family is a good one, as well as a large one, and a rich one—as riches go in Italy.

The Torrigiani possess the largest and most beautiful garden, and the most valuable private picture-gallery, in Florence. The sons are all married, and have brought their wives to the patriarchal palace, where each one has lodgings assigned her by the real and only genuine "Marchesa," the mother of the family. There are at least four sons, with their wives and children, living together under one paternal roof and one maternal supervision. At present, it is said, there are twenty-six covers regularly laid for dinner at this family board, and grandchildren will continue to arrive, we may suppose, for the next twenty years, which represents a potentiality for increase beyond the flight of the wildest fancy. Each one of the

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four wives, according to "Saracinesca," must receive her pin-money, and everything she eats and wears, directly from the hand of the very maternal "Marchesa." If a wife takes one lump of sugar to-day more than her share, she must take one lump less than her share to-morrow.

These are only a few of the important facts concerning Italian family life that the author of "Saracinesca" has revealed to a curious world, and upon which he very naturally founds his claim to exclusive knowledge of all things Italian. The American wife, in this community of wives, had it directly stipulated in the marriage contract that she was to be allowed her own private carriage. And it is just possible also that she may have something besides her regular portion of the maternal allowance, as she has a very rich and very indulgent grandma living near at hand in the *Via de Malcontenti*. I have every reason to think that this American "honorary Marchesa" is happily married, as far as the husband has to do with it. But how an American girl, accustomed to the free and joyful life of her own country, can be really and truly happy under such circumstances, is a mystery. She has not, she cannot

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have, many things in common with the other members of the family. They may all be very amiable and kind, as the Italians usually are; but there is a gulf in thought and sentiment between them, which cannot be bridged. I can fancy that hardly a day passes without a sigh from the American wife for her American life—for the cheerful and cosy American home, with the hundred little comforts, amusements, and privileges, which sweet memory brings back from her far-away native land.

Of course, there are several other American wives with Florentine husbands. The richest and most important of these was the widow of an American consul who died here. This lady is now the wife of an Italian, who served her first husband as vice-consul. She has, I fancy the biggest purse of any American woman in Florence, and has also the reputation of using it in a kind and generous way. Just as I write, news of three American weddings comes to me from Florence, and a "uniform" figures in each one of them.

This is not the first time that the eldest of these brides has tried her luck in the military market. Some two or three years ago she took a fancy to a particular uniform, and expressed

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her wish to buy it. But there was some misunderstanding at the last moment about the price, and the uniform was never delivered. The second of these new brides is an American by birth only. Her family is Italian, but her fortune is American made. The last of the three is a niece of a distinguished rector in New York. The marriage is said to be a little better than such alliances usually are. The bridegroom, for a wonder, is a Protestant, and it is called a love-match. But the uniform had to be paid for all the same, for no officer in the Italian army can be permitted to marry unless the sum of at least fifty thousand lire be paid down before the marriage takes place; and there is perhaps not one officer in a thousand who has fifty cents beyond his very small salary. A captain, for example, does not get quite fifty dollars a month. Very few of these officers are gentlemen born (to use the cant society phrase); so that the uniform is really all the American and English girls get for their money. But a great many of these officers resign as soon as they marry, so that the poor girl is even cheated out of her uniform.

## *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

### A MAN IN LOVE WITH HIS HORSES.

About thirty-five years ago, as near as I can hit it by a guess, a very handsome man came to Florence as secretary to the American Legation. He was a member of a Washington Square family in New York. He was amiable, well-mannered, and rich. From such a man the social world naturally expected great things. But it was sadly disappointed, for this gentleman, who might have been the beau of Florence, became her "whip," and devoted himself, not to the cultivation of fair women, but of fine horses. So long as he remained Secretary of Legation there were certain official and social duties which he was obliged to perform. But when the Italian Court left Florence he resigned his office, and remained behind, true to his love—for his horses. Since then he has been seen by Florentine society only on the box of his coach. For a number of years this gentleman drove—not four—but fourteen-in-hand along the "Lung Arno" and through the Cascine, to the imminent peril of the Florentine public. There were several runaways and smash-ups from time to time, till the authorities concluded



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that they were paying too dear for their American whistle, and passed a law reducing the fourteen—which were not always “in hand”—to six. The gentleman in question was until very lately to be seen behind this modest team, seated upon the box, but not holding the “ribbons.”

### THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN FLORENCE.

There have been a number of American rectors in Florence—good, bad, and indifferent; but they come and go at such short intervals, that I have not been able to get a good sitting from any one of them. The Church itself is rather pretty—the prettiest and most Church-like building of any of the Protestant places of worship in Florence.

But I had forgotten that Americans and English alike on the Continent never say “Protestant” any more. The curious thing about this Church is the fact that it is a part of one of the celebrated Roman Catholic churches of Florence—the Church of the Carmine. How the American Episcopal Church happened to get possession of this part of a venerable Roman Catholic edifice, would make

### *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

a page or so of very interesting Church history. I have heard the following improbable story, which I give for what it is worth:

The first American rector in Florence had a somewhat strange ecclesiastical history. He started in his ministerial career as a clergyman of the American Protestant Episcopal Church. After a few years' service in this Church, he changed and went to Rome—both in the geographical and religious sense. He became a great favorite at the Vatican, was a man of marked ability, and might have attained to a seat in the College of Cardinals, so it is said; but, just as the red cap was about to be offered him, he recanted and came back to the church of his first love. This somewhat complicated matters; for in the mean time his wife had become the Mother Superior of a Convent, and the children, a son and a daughter, were farmed out, so to speak. When he returned to his Mother Church he took his children with him, but not his wife. She refused to travel any farther in the journey of life with such an erratic lord and master, and she lived and died a Lady Superior in the Holy Roman Church. The husband came to Florence and began to hold services according to "the Ritual of the

## FLORENCE.

Protestant Episcopal Church of America." These services were at first held in private houses. He was a man, however, who attracted to himself troops of friends, and by their aid was soon able to establish himself in a permanent place of worship. It was through him that the Church in question was secured. He acted as rector for several years, with great ability, if not to the universal satisfaction.

But the strangest part of this story is to come. I have been told by some of the gossips in Florence—and there are more of these creatures in this city, to the square inch, than in any other place on earth—that this clergyman was in reality a Jesuit priest in the employ of the Vatican; and that is why he got possession of a part of this venerable Roman Catholic Church edifice. However this may be, one thing is certain, the Church property is left in the hands of the trustees of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, who are not, I suppose, Jesuits. The son and daughter of this mysterious clergyman still reside in Florence, and are safe within the fold of the Holy Roman Church. The present American rector has been in Florence but a short time, and I know nothing concerning him and his doings

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worthy of notice in these pages, except this that he has not, as yet, "caught on" to the American colony in Florence.

And now I have finished my brief remarks about Americans in Rome and Florence. There are some American women of uncertain ages living about in different parts of Italy, away from these two centres, but they are few and far between, and wholly unavailable for the purposes of this book.

I shall therefore notice only one lady who was for several years a well-known character in Rome, and who has taken up her abode in the beautiful old mediæval town of Siena, away from all social wars and rumors of wars. She must find the quiet retreat a very great change from the exciting life she once lived "by the Tiber." And now—

*Addio, Bella Italia.*

## XVI.

### AMERICANS ON THE RIVIERA.

#### NICE.

NICE is the centre around which Americans flock on the Riviera. And they show their good sense, too, by preferring it to any of the other neighboring places of winter resort. Nice is a well-built, well-paved, and well-regulated town, with all the advantages of country and climate, and without the very serious disadvantages of narrow streets, bad roads, and bad municipal governments, such, I mean, as are to be found not a thousand miles on either side of this metropolis of the Riviera.

The Riviera as a place of sojourn has one great advantage—there are no churches, no pictures, no ruins, no dug-ups, no sights of any kind to weary the legs and addle the brains of my inquiring country people. If, therefore, you are seen in Nice or at any other place along the French Mediterranean seaboard, the best

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thing is to confess at once that you are there for pleasure, and for no other purpose whatsoever—that is, unless you are so unfortunate as to be an invalid. In that case your proper place is at home. You can invent nothing which will serve you as any sort of a pretence for living on the Riviera; and it is best to “acknowledge the corn,” and own that you are on pleasure bent.

In London or Paris, in Rome or Florence, you can hide your real purpose behind churches and picture-galleries, antiquities and ruins, and a hundred other little devices and hypocrisies. But in Nice, or Cannes, or Mentone, you are out in the open, without any cover or shield or other means of defence—I mean, disguise. So it is better not to struggle to keep up an appearance of sober-mindedness.

I advise you, therefore, to throw off all make-believes, and do at once what you are expected to do, and what you most certainly will do, whatever your innocent little pretence may be. You will walk in the “Promenade des Anglais;” drive to “Villefranche” and Monte Carlo; dance at the Circle de la Méditerranée, and go to the American Church on Sunday. Yes, to the American Church, and for the rea-

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son that this is the fashionable church of Nice. The edifice itself makes a very pretty little picture, with its cold gray stone and graceful spire. The rectory is a very cosy building, has a reputation for hospitality, and is the chief centre of the American colony. The rector has been in Nice for about fifteen years. He is a rich man, entertains a great deal, and is very popular as a man and a pastor—but not, I think, as a reader or preacher. He is an American, and there is no mistaking the fact. He looks and talks and acts as though he had just arrived from California, where he spent several years as a missionary.

There is less European varnish on this man than on any American I have ever seen. I have never met a man with a less assuming or a more modest air. His abilities are very modest, too, I grant; but his genuine American character covers, in my mind, a multitude of deficiencies. Like all good Americans, this gentleman is much given to story-telling; but he should remember that after the same person has heard the same story, say for the twelfth time, it is quite possible that a slight feeling of monotony, and it may be melancholia, is liable to steal over his patriotic soul.

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Barring this very inconsiderable item of complaint, the American rector in Nice is a real brick from the genuine American mould. The wife of the rector is, I believe, a Swede, and is every bit as popular—with some people—as the rector himself. This lady's weekly receptions are the most popular "At Homes" in Nice. But one word more concerning the rector. He remained a bachelor in Nice for several years, and played a very practical and most cruel joke upon Nice society. I have the story from one of his brother parsons, and therefore feel perfectly safe in giving it just as I heard it.

As I have already intimated, this clergyman came to Nice from the far Western States of America, and there was nothing in his manner or habits of life to indicate money. On the contrary, everything seemed to point to a short check-book. This being the case, ambitious mothers seldom looked at the American rector a second time. It became gradually known, however, that the Western air was assumed, or at least acquired, and that he was a New Yorker by birth and training. His name, or something like it, was also known by well-informed people, to be associated with one or two Gotham millionaires. But no one seemed to have the



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wit to connect these facts in any logical sequence; for no one could have supposed for one moment that this quiet parson possessed either means or expectations; and when it was known that he had been quietly married in London to a Swedish widow, the mothers and the daughters merely smiled a good-natured smile at each other and said: "Well, she has got a good enough amiable husband, but that is all."

But it was not all, by a long shot; for the knowing Swedish widow had married a rich man, as well as an amiable man, and one, it is said, who will be much richer by-and-by. When this important fact was fully known in society, the mothers looked "sold" at their daughters, the daughters looked "blank" at their mothers, and the more mature spinsters good-naturedly remarked that the widow's conduct had been most shameful. They all joined in one loud and long "Did you ever?" And as no one had ever seen or heard of such a strange man before, all agreed to make the best of it, and are now often to be met around the hospitable board of the American rectory.

I have come across at least three ladies in Nice who modestly intimated that they might have been the wife of the rector, and would

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have been, too, had they known all. But I have always had my own private opinion upon this subject.

One good story suggests another, and sometimes a better. There is a Russo-American Countess in Nice who, in spite of her title, has a very interesting and romantic history. She was the daughter of a New Jersey gentleman. Her father was not a rich man, but he had a good enough income, and his family held a good position in the best society. His daughters were pretty—at least the subject of the romance was—but they had no “dot,” a fact which was not generally known. Well, it so happened that a Russian nobleman, secretary of the Russian embassy at Washington, asked this daughter in marriage; to which proposition the American father answered: “You doubtless think, Count, from the position we hold in society and the manner in which we live, that I am a rich man and can give my daughter a large marriage dowry. But this is a mistake; I can give no marriage settlement whatever with my daughter’s hand.” To all of which the true lover made answer: “It is your daughter, sir, and not your money, that I am in love with.” And the wedding-bells rang right merrily when

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the New Jersey "lily" became a Russian Countess. The husband was the eldest son, and had a very considerable property; but it was entailed, and at his death must pass on to the next in line. Knowing, therefore, that, in the event of his being taken off, his widow would be left unprovided for, this noble-minded Count used all possible economy in his manner of life, and at his death he had saved enough from his annual income to leave his widow a sufficient fortune.

This man deserved his American wife, in spite of his title, and I have no special objections to offer against this lady's holding on to the title of such a husband. The Countess has a pretty home in Nice, and is easily the first American lady on the Riviera.

There are at least two more American Countesses and as many Baronesses living at Nice. One of the Countesses married a nice Scotch-Italian lad, and since his marriage he has grown up to be a well-behaved religious man. This young Count is one of the officers of the American church. The other Countess is the step-daughter of one of the second generation of Vanderbilts. She married a rather elderly Frenchman, whose title is purely a compliment-

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ary matter. The Baronesses I know nothing about. The oldest American resident in Nice is, or is said to be, a lady of some importance. She was a Miss L., of Washington Square, New York, and married at an early age a gentleman holding a high position at the Court of the Netherlands. She is herself out of the society hunt, but her daughter-in-law, a very pretty Dutch lady, has taken her place.

### ANOTHER MAN AND HIS HORSES.

Perhaps the most devoted friend and admirer of our Countess is Mr. Charles K., of Philadelphia, who, like Mr. L. in Florence, is "a man-in-love-with-his-horses." But, unlike the New Yorker, the Philadelphian never allows his "cattle," as he calls them, to interfere with his social duties, or, I should say, his pleasures. On the contrary, his horses have contributed very much toward his reputation as a beau, and a beau he most certainly is—perhaps the greatest American beau who has lived on the Continent of Europe during the last twenty-five years.

He married the daughter of a well-known American publicist, and came with his wife to Europe soon after the American Civil War.

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His wife died in Florence, and he has remained a widower, but not an entirely disconsolate one. Mr. K. does not drink; he does not play: but he does love the dear ladies; and everybody loves a lover. As a squire of dames, his horses have helped him not a little; and many a mother (generally with a pretty daughter) has he driven along the "Promenade des Anglais" and to "Villefranche." But the French mother and daughter, who appeared with him on the box-seat so frequently for two or three seasons, have not been seen of late.

This American has the ready entrance to what is called the best society in France and Italy; yet, in spite of this fact, he is at all times and under all circumstances a gentleman.

Not far from Madame B.'s house on the "Promenade des Anglais" is another handsome villa occupied by a rich elderly American and his daughter. They are very nice quiet people, and the daughter, I have no doubt, has declined many of the impecunious titled gentry of France, and has shown her good sense in so doing. There are only one or two American families in Nice who go to the English Church, and try to be British; but they do not succeed. There is always an American belle or two in

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Nice for the season, but I have never heard of any of them making any purchases in the way of husbands.

One season, not many years ago, there was a pretty little fair-haired lady, the daughter of a United States senator, who made not a little sensation; but she returned to her native land without having made a purchase—not that she could not be suited, but her grave and reserved senatorial father would not produce the dollars. The next season there were two pretty dark-eyed New York sisters, and they also were “given strength to resist temptation.”

There was a certain Canadian-American girl who cut a very wide, I mean, a very broad, swath in Nice for a few months in the winter of '89-'90, and ended her escapade by purchasing, in the Paris market, the younger son of a Belgian Papal prince. This girl—she was not seventeen years old—was the daughter of a Western man of a rather unsavory reputation. The girl herself had no sort of bringing up, and was completely beyond her weak mother's control. She was engaged to a German officer—through the kindly offices of her governess and a *pension*-keeper—before she was sixteen years old. She flirted with any good-looking man in

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Nice who chose to notice her, and gave her photographs right and left to every man who asked for them.

This young and giddy girl was not long in Paris before she was "spotted," in a public dining-room, by a younger son of a Papal prince, who soon verified the reports he had heard about her great fortune; and in less than sixty days he succeeded in transferring her and it—especially it—to his own account. This, I imagine, beats the record for hasty weddings.

While at Nice, as I have said, this young lady gave away her photographs to all sorts and conditions of men, and with a generosity which she very much regretted when she began negotiations for the son of a Papal prince. It seemed for a while, in fact, as though these counterfeit presentments of the prospective princess, which had been scattered right and left in great quantities, might mar the wedding feast. Great efforts were therefore made, especially by the mother, to get back these tell-tale bits of cardboard. But this was found rather difficult, as no record had been taken of them. Of course, many of the holders were known; but these gentlemen (?), for the most part, had a very keen sense of the enhanced

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commercial value of their property, and were not disposed to part with it without a proper consideration.

The largest collection of these pictures of the princess was owned by a little fair-haired Frenchman in Nice, who went about unkicked, I am sorry to say, bragging of his possessions. Whether this creature has returned his valuable collection to the donor, for a proper consideration, or not, I am unable to say. And this is the kind of man, let me remark, that our American girls meet at hotel dances, etc., on the Continent of Europe.

### *THE BAVARIAN BREWER-PRINCE.*

Nice is also celebrated as being the scene where the Philadelphia girl got her first view of the Bavarian Brewer-Prince, whom she afterward bought, and at a very moderate price, I will allow. It is not often, however, that these noble Counts, Princes, Barons, etc., can be seen "off the premises," as very few of them possess the wherewithal necessary for the conveyance of their princely persons any great distance from their "ancestral estates." But if the mountain will not come to Mohammed,



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Mohammed must go to the mountain; or, in less figurative language, the purchaser of a Prince is compelled to go to him, as he cannot come to her. The Brewer-Prince, however, was an exception to this almost universal law of gravity.

### CANNES.

There are two or three American families who pass the winter at Cannes; but they, at least one of them, will, I suspect, be sorry to have his real nationality exposed, for did he not, once upon a time, entertain H. R. H. the Prince of Wales? Since that stupendous social event, this gentleman has never been known to take the slightest interest in anybody or anything not English. This is a pity, for his name is a household, I may even say a nursery, word in the land of his birth.

There are few of us who have not, in our infantile days, been often hushed to gentle sleep with a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." I don't know whether this nursery goddess was the mother or aunt or cousin of Master Dick. But whatever the ties of consanguinity may be, "Dick" is entitled to his full share of the credit of the name as well as

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to the profits of the business. But I am pained to hear that he is now engaged in a law-suit with a prince who has not treated him—so he says—in a very princely fashion. Of the merits of the case it does not become me to speak, as the matter is still under judicial consideration. One little word of advice, however, I venture to give to “Master Dick.” If he intends to live in Europe, as seems probable, it is much better for him to cultivate the favor of princes than to go to law with them.

Speaking of Dick’s quarrel with the prince—who, by the way, I believe is a duke—reminds me of a little incident I once witnessed at Cannes. It was in mid-Lent, and at the “Battle of Flowers,” when everybody who kept a carriage and could turn out did so—the English, of course, being very strong. I took up my position at one of the grand-stands, in the midst of a large company of Britons, some of them residents, others “voyageurs.” The residents acted as interpreters, and pointed out to the visitors the carriages containing the notabilities of Cannes. “There,” said a pretty English girl, “comes the carriage of the duke.” “Where is the duke?” anxiously inquired her innocent companion, evidently unable to think

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of but one "duke." "Oh! I didn't mean our 'Duke of Cambridge,' but the Duke of Cannes—that is to say, the Duke of 'Vallombrosa.'" "Oh!" said the young Saxon, "that is quite another thing, you know." "Yes, of course," responded the maiden, with some little irritation, I thought; "but you should remember, now and then, that you are not in England." "All right, but don't get cross. Where is your bloomin' duke, then?" "The carriage which has just passed is his." "That one there?" inquired the youth. "Well, the lady looks well enough for a duchess, I must say. She is uncommonly handsome. What beautiful gray hair!" "Oh! you silly boy; I don't mean that carriage; that is an American dentist and his wife." "Well, then, dentist or no dentist, they are the nicest looking people I have seen." And the young English tourist was quite right. This lady, the daughter of the New York hotel-keeper and the wife, now the widow, I am sorry to say, of a retired dentist, could pass anywhere for what she really is—one of the most beautiful women of her age to be seen anywhere, and one of the most perfect ladies as well.

Let me give another case, pointing the same moral. I was one day in the club at Nice wit-

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nessing a game of billiards between an American tailor and an English nobleman, when some one at my back remarked that "that man is not a gentleman; he is nobody but a tailor." "Which one?" asked his neighbor. Just so, for the fact was the tailor was the gentleman. There is, at least, one American lady of the genuine type living at Cannes. She was a Miss R., of New York, and married a gentleman, some time French minister at Washington, and as fine a type of a Frenchman as can be seen anywhere. They have two sons and one pretty daughter, and are a very happy family. There are no American families residing at Mentone, so far as I know. The same is true of Monte Carlo, San Remo, and Bordighera. These places are mostly frequented by Germans and English.

### SOME GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

I have said nothing of Americans in Germany, for the simple reason that I know less about Germany and the Germans than of any other nation in Europe. The Germans, I must be frank, do not interest me, and their cooking gives me indigestion; so I keep away from

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these big, fat, sentimental creatures as much as possible. Their persistent efforts to learn English at the expense of every English-speaking traveller they can lay their hands on is an imposition which should be put down by international law.

My impressionable country people went mad some years ago over German scholarship, and especially German philosophy, and they have not quite recovered their senses yet. I am not such a fool as to deny that the Germans are scholars—perhaps the best that are going just now—but I do not admire their scholarship; all the same. It is very deep, I have no doubt, but very muddy. I must own, however, to a rather keen relish for their philosophizing; especially do I enjoy Spinoza, Hegel, and Schopenhauer. But they all, every man of them—Kant among the rest—with the single exception of Spinoza, got their ideas from two Englishmen, Bacon and Hume. Read these English masters, and you have the essence of all the German philosophy which has made such a hubbub in the world of late.

Kant acknowledges that Hume touched him off. But I think Hume furnished the powder as well as the flint. The same thing is true in

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the domain of science. Newton and Darwin are to German science what Bacon and Hume are to German philosophy. And then there is Shakespeare. But let that pass. What I wish to impress upon the very impressionable folk at Harvard, and Yale, and Johns Hopkins, and the rest, is this: that if they will but take the trouble to read and understand the English masters, such as I have mentioned, they will have little or no need to visit Germany, or to bother their heads over the heavy and hazy Germans.

Then it is impossible to keep track of these prodigiously industrious muddlers. Every German has his own private theory of the universe, which he evolves by the aid of his pipe and his mug out of his inner consciousness. Of course, no two German's theories agree, and no school of criticism lasts more than a dozen years. Read Richter, and Lessing, Goethe, and Novalis, and let the others alone. I have made this slight excursion into German literature because most of my compatriots in Germany pretend to be there for the study of something or other, and they are probably honest about it, as they certainly would not go to Germany for pleasure. If, then, they are

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earnest seekers after knowledge, I advise them to keep at home, where people know what they are talking about; keep at home, and study the actual problems of modern life as they are being developed and must be solved in America.

As I have already said, I know little about the Germans, and less of the Americans in Germany. If I were content to take my knowledge at second-hand, I might multiply my pages and furnish some savory dishes of gossip at second-hand. But this would be a departure from my fixed purpose, which is to speak only of what I know at first hand. Of course, I feel at liberty to deal with a few glittering generalities now and then, concerning which I do not pretend to any exact knowledge or special inspiration. But people of sense will know how to discriminate, and I do not write for fools.

The American Minister recently accredited to Berlin is rich and worldly and hospitable, and that such a man is a favorite goes without saying. He gives two or three big dinners to his compatriots every year, which are known and read of all men; but the amount of quiet feeding which goes on under the ministerial roof, and of which no public record is made, is enormous. This gentleman is considered an old

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ministerial hand, for he once held the post of Minister at the Austrian capital, and the Austrian, you know, is considered the most aristocratic court in Europe.

There is a Union American Church in Berlin, yet none but the Dissenters attend this place of worship. I say Dissenters, for you must know that the American Episcopalians residing in Europe use this British word to designate their Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Wesleyan, and other Christian brethren, who are not Episcopalians.

The word "Dissenter" has a proper historical significance in England, but it has no meaning whatever when applied to Americans. This is another illustration of the fact that Americans who copy the English never get things right. "Dissenter," indeed! as though the overwhelming majority of American citizens would ever take the trouble to dissent from so small a body as the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. And then, of course, there can be no Dissent where there is no Establishment; and the Protestant Episcopal communion is not yet the Established Church of America, nor is she likely to be, as she has a rather dubious record on questions of loyalty



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and patriotism. But the Episcopalians are nothing if not English, and they include within their little fold almost all the Anglo-maniacs to be found on either side of the Great Water.

The last general convention but one of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America had the English fever very badly ; and the complaint has now spread from the bishops to the other clergy ; so that one seldom sees a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church who does not show some symptoms of this mental malady. But the "parish priests," as these reverend gentlemen now call themselves, furnish but poor amusement compared with the American bishop. It is absolutely side-splitting to see one of these "Fathers in God" rigged out in full episcopal habit, with ribbon-tied hat, knee-breeches, silk apron, and the rest of it. But the fun is not at the highest until, thus arrayed, one hears him addressed as "My Lord," and witnesses the glow of inward satisfaction which diffuses itself out and over the episcopal countenance.

An American clergyman, with some sense of the humorous, told me this little tale: He was dining at a house in Paris where bishops most

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do, or did, congregate, in company with his Father in God—the Right Reverend ——. Now it so happened that my clerical friend had a little axe which he desired to have ground by episcopal hands. He knew very little of his bishop, and had reason to believe that “His Lordship” did not regard him with any great degree of favor. More than this, he was placed at a disadvantage, in being seated at the bottom of the table, whilst the bishop, of course, was at the top. The distance, therefore, between the Right Reverend and the reverend gentleman was too great for conversational purposes. But my designing friend bided his time till there was a lull in the sound of voices above him, when suddenly the words “My Lord” rose loud and clear from the bottom of the table. All eyes were fixed on the speaker, and his eyes were fixed on the bishop; so there could be no mistake as to who was addressed. “My Lord,” repeated the reverend speaker, “Miss Smith has asked me a very important question, which I have referred to Your Lordship.” This did the business for my crafty friend, and he has now the place he coveted.

But, seriously, what has the Protestant Episcopal Church in America done to warrant all

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its pretence of superiority? Has the Church produced greater saints, greater scholars, greater preachers, greater patriots, or better men, in any respect, than its sister Churches?

The Episcopal Church in America has not been distinguished for either scholarship or eloquence. The great Boston preacher who has lately passed away, was, of course, an exception, and this one great and good man has done more to recommend the episcopal service to Americans than all the habited and be-stockinged bishops from Maine to Oregon. The Episcopal Church, if wisely administered, is certain to become the Church of America—as, perhaps, it deserves to be; but it must not in the future tolerate snobbery and treason, as it has in the past.

One word more upon this subject. My observations of Americans in Europe have convinced me that episcopalians think less of their national traditions than any other class of my country people; this is especially notable on the Sunday. They live the Continental life on this day more than any other Americans. Now I have nothing to say in the way of criticism of the manner in which the French or the Germans choose to spend their Sundays. They

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act according to their traditions, and their conduct is becoming to them. But the Continental Sunday is not according to American traditions, and does not become Americans; hence they lose in dignity and character by frequenting theatres and race-courses, on a day which in America is given up to religious duties. I am not speaking now from a religious, but from a moral and national, standpoint. A man of true dignity of character respects the customs and traditions of his native land, whether he believes in them or not; and everybody respects him for doing so.

Americans who pride themselves on living, to the full, the Continental life, always and everywhere, lose the respect, more or less, of the people they imitate. "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do." Yes, but a proverb in the mouth of a fool is always a dangerous thing. When the Bishop of Milan (St. Ambrose) wrote that epigram, he little thought of the base uses to which it would be put. I well remember an American family who came to Paris some years ago, and plunged at once into the Continental life. They were "at home on Sundays;" they went to the theatres on Sundays; they, in fact, did everything on Sunday

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in Paris which they would not have done in New York. They were rich people, and nice people, in many ways, but I felt certain they would come to grief; and they did come to grief.

The French don't like that sort of thing in Americans. They knew perfectly well that these Americans were violating the customs and traditions of their own country, and concluded, very properly too, that they were not the best sort of Americans.

But at the bottom of this question will be found an unmistakably moral element. When a Frenchman witnesses a horse-race, or a theatrical play, on Sunday, his moral nature is not excited in any way. These things, to his mind, have no more to do with religion than they have with politics or literature; which means nothing at all. Not so the American—that is, if he be a real Anglo-Saxon American. Sunday, to all such Americans, of whatever creed, has moral and religious restraints and associations, which are more or less sacred, and which cannot be violated without doing positive evil—moral and religious evil—to their character.

So that, viewed in every way, the American who lives the Continental life seven days in

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the week, is, to say the least, not the wisest nor the best representative of American character. More than this: I am fully persuaded that a prolonged residence on the Continent, under the most favorable circumstances, is always demoralizing to Americans; and fatally so, if they cut entirely loose from the Church, the social restraints and the traditions of their native land. This applies to the English as well. Still, they are somewhat better in this respect than the Americans. Their thorough training in Church-going bears its fruit everywhere. When the Sunday comes round Her Majesty's loyal subjects, whoever or wherever they may be, look up the English Chaplaincy—and there is one in every little nook and corner on the Continent—and go and say their prayers in the quiet manner so characteristic of everything they do. Now, when one thinks of what these Continental chaplaincies, for the most part, are, one cannot help admiring the self-sacrificing devotion of the British foreign resident.

Say what you will about the hypocrisy of John Bull, his religious training is a good thing, a very good thing, and furnishes him, and especially her, with a weekly anchorage which has often saved him from moral wreck and

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ruin. There are, perhaps, more than three hundred English Churches—Chaplaincies, as they are called—on the Continent of Europe; and how many of them are supported, is, I suppose, one of the mysteries of Godliness. There are only six or seven American Churches all told. If the American Church be the fashionable Church, the Americans all go to it. If it be not, they go to the English Church, or do not go at all. Very many of the English chaplaincies could not possibly exist but for the support they receive from Americans. But who ever heard of John Bull giving anything for the maintenance of Brother Jonathan's house of worship? The plain truth of the matter is that the American has his pocket picked by everybody in Europe; and he gets nothing in return but patronage, and not always that. This to me seems strange—passing strange; for America is not generally supposed to be a nation of idiots. And yet these Americans in Europe appear to enjoy this sort of thing. This matter has cost me many a sleepless night, and I have at last come to the conclusion that Europe is the asylum for American fools.

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### A WORD TO MOTHERS.

There is one thing about which I wish to say a very plain and direct word to American mothers. The practice, which is fast increasing, of American parents sending their daughters to Europe to be educated is little less than criminal. It may be very well for a young lady to know French and German, if she can learn these languages in the proper and natural course of her studies at home, and by her mother's side. But for her parents to send her thousands of miles off for these questionable accomplishments, is simply monstrous. These girls get no real mental training, and the best of them even suffer a demoralization whose effects can never be wholly effaced.

The change from American to Continental civilization is enough in itself to demoralize a young girl who is just at the most susceptible period in her life. If they must learn French, let them do so in the nursery; and if they must go to Europe—the necessity of which I cannot see—let them do so as the wives of honest American men.

If I were made the Dictator of the United



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States of America, my first act would be to issue an edict prohibiting all American women unmarried, and under thirty years of age, visiting Europe under any pretence whatever. And I should make thirty-five the prohibiting age for men. Furthermore, I should prohibit the study of French, and every other foreign language, until the English tongue was thoroughly mastered by my people.

The Greeks still hold their place, I believe, as the masters of the world in Philosophy, Literature, and Art; and the Greeks knew no tongue but their own. One can be well taught in no language, that is, through the medium of no language, but that of his mother tongue. The ignorance of American boys and girls who have been "educated abroad" is stupendous. A European education is simply fatal to the career of any American. It unfits him for everything in America; it fits him for nothing in Europe; and he is henceforth an alien and a failure on the face of the earth, with no country and no vocation which he can call his own.

But a further word about "the languages:" if to know French and German, and perhaps Italian, is to be accomplished, then the hotel porter and the hotel waiter will always be your

### *AMERICANS IN EUROPE.*

superiors in point of culture. I do not mean to underrate the great convenience of knowing more languages than one's own ; but the knowledge of a language signifies very little if one knows nothing of consequence to say in it.

The most ignorant bores I have ever met have been men—and women, too—who could expose their ignorance and fatuity in two or three languages. A knowledge of two or more languages gives a tremendous advantage to dullness, as Lowell very wittily said in his review of that linguistic ass, Percival, who could bray, I believe, in six or seven tongues.

Let American parents keep their sons and daughters at home, and teach them Yankee gumption, and let the French and the Italian alone. Home-bred culture, be it never so homely, is infinitely better than European paste and varnish. If the Anglo-Saxon race keeps the upper hand of things on the American Continent, it must stay at home and learn its lessons on American soil. No really great American was ever educated in Europe. This applies not only to statesmen and warriors, and men of business, but to scholars ; to men of letters and men of science ; to Channing and Edwards ; to Franklin and Edison ; to Grant and Sher-

*AMERICANS ON THE RIVIERA.*

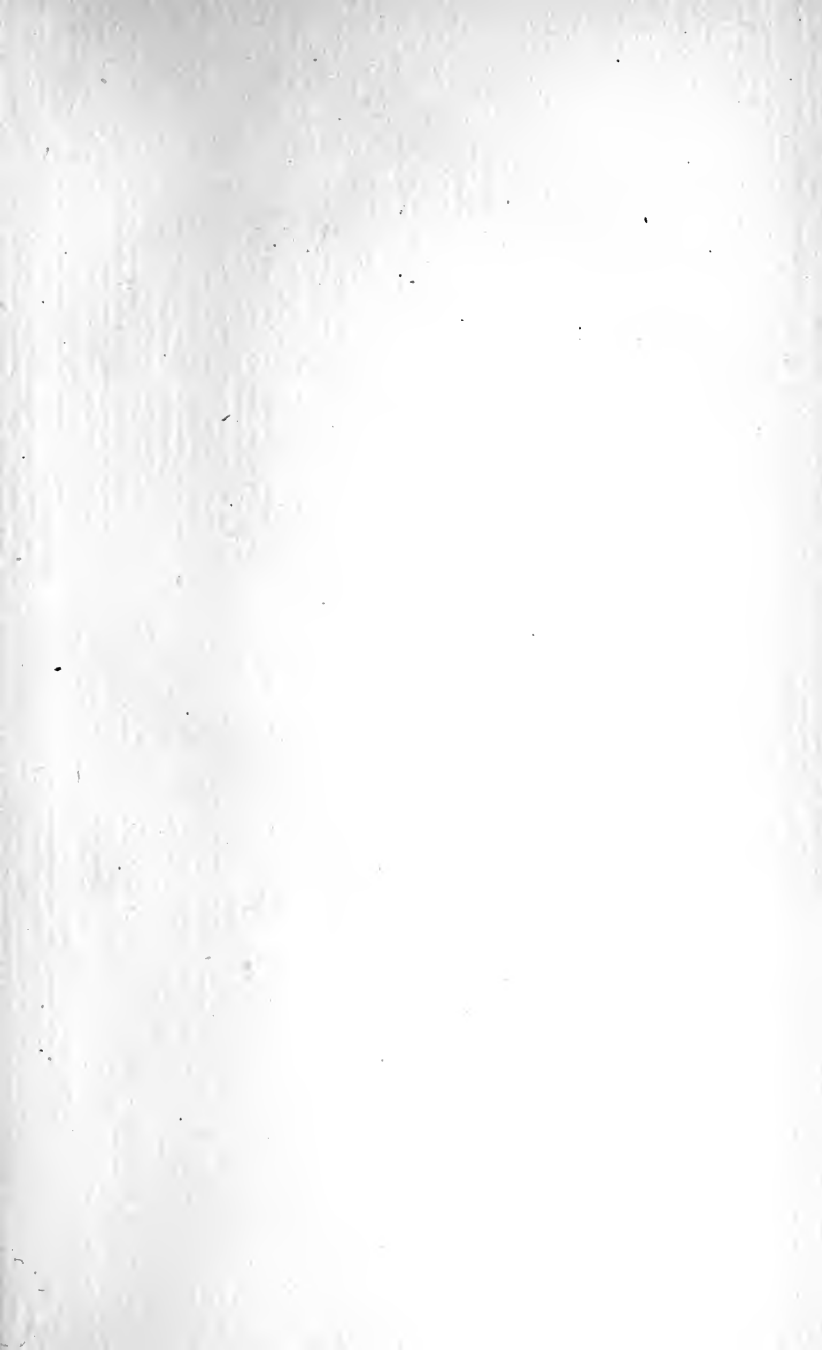
man ; to Lincoln and Emerson. This will hold good in Art, too. If we are ever to have a supreme master in American Art, he will not be evolved from a Paris studio, or from the Roman catacombs ; but from the pure air and light of his native land and virgin soil. Let the dead nations of Europe bury their dead ; but go thou, America, and preach the New Gospel of the Kingdom of God to a New World.

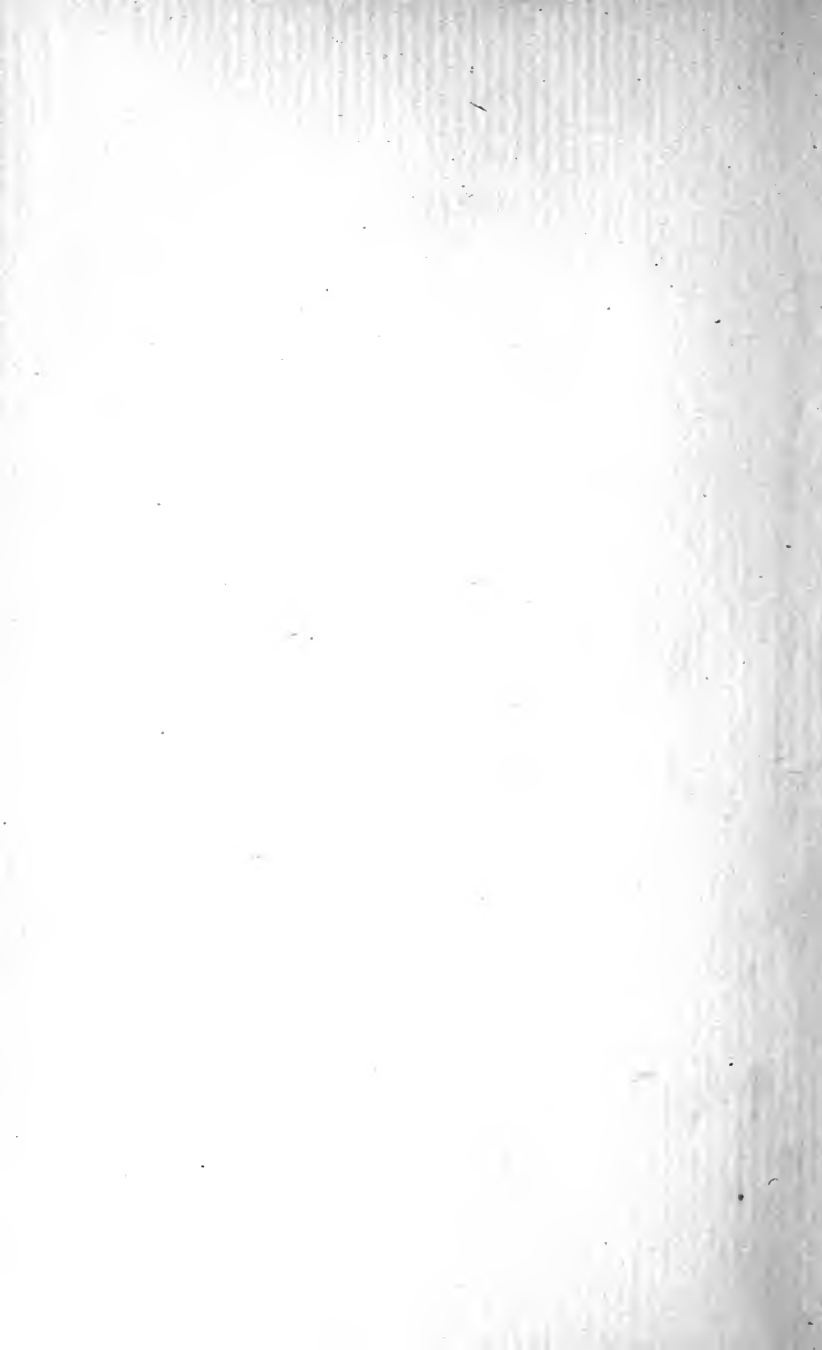
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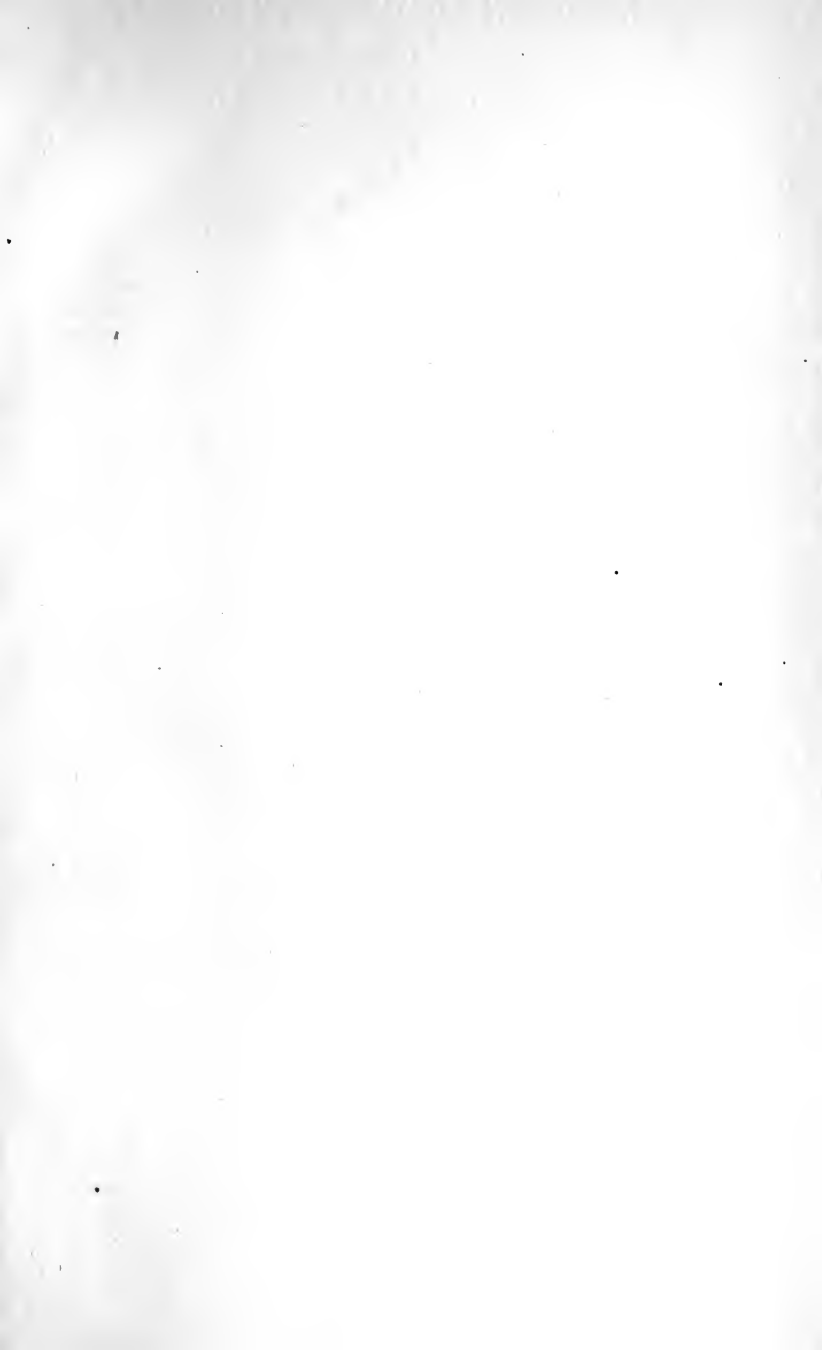














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